

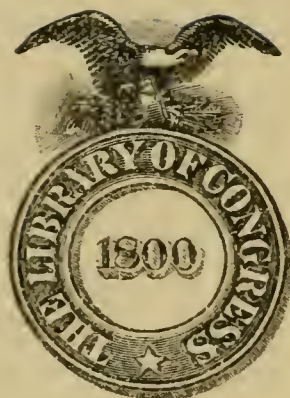
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IN SCHOOL AND OUT

MAURICE GOODKIN

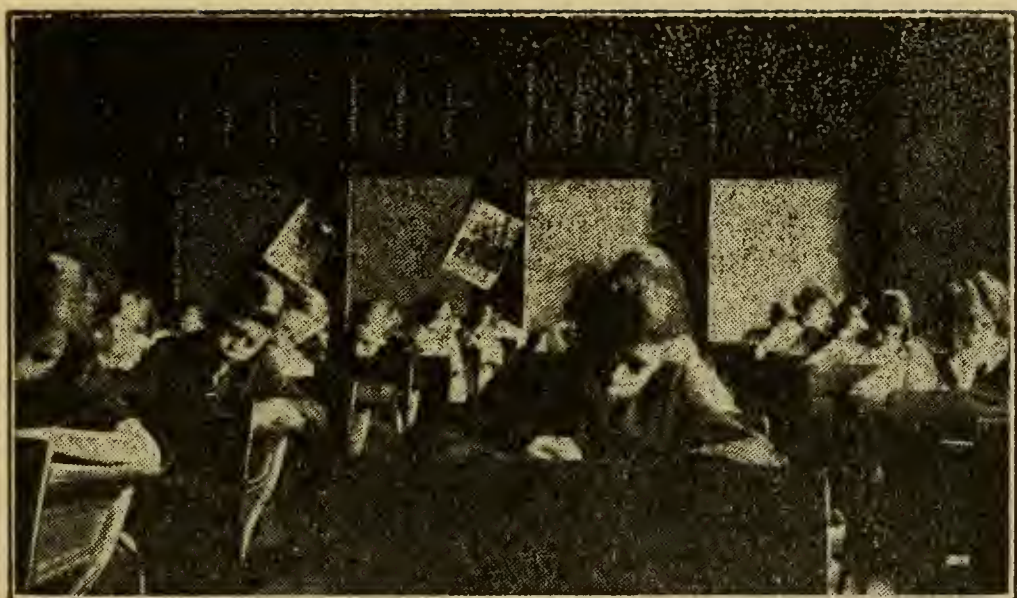


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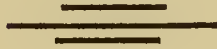


IN SCHOOL AND OUT

by

MAURICE GOODKIN

**Teacher in the Harrity-Lee
Public School of Philadelphia**



MATTHEWS and DOUGHERTY, Publishers.
Philadelphia, Pa.

1922.

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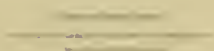
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DEC 16 '22

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PREFACE

The author has long felt that there existed the need for a book of stories that would aid in class-room discipline, and would in addition strengthen the pupil's regard for his teacher. These stories are the result.

With morals that are not too deeply hidden nor preponderant, the stories deal with such matters as truancy, lateness, smoking, chewing, clean desks, clean floors, honesty, courtesy, loyalty, accuracy, etc.

The author has personally experienced many of the episodes that are told and he feels that most of them enter into the life of the average American youth. Because they do represent real life he hopes that they will do justice to the purpose for which they were written.

M. G.

PAPER, PAPER, EVERYWHERE

A hard day's work was over. Especially on that night did Henry want to rest, and particularly on that evening did he wish to be in bed. And, of course, to bed he went. It was a cold night, but the covers seemed warmer than usual. Accordingly, with a pleasant thought, and a lazily uttered prayer, he fell into a deep slumber. How long he slept before he began to dream, no one knows.

It was in school. Henry's eyes were dazed as the glaring sun shone gloriously through the windows upon him. Everything was as usual. The boys and girls were working at their studies. Mr. Colgan was at his desk, evidently quite busy with some work. Henry was not certain what he himself was doing. However, he did know that he was working, and working hard.

Presently he dropped his pencil. He stooped to pick it up. As he did so, he noticed a piece of paper beside his shoe. At any other time he would have removed it without thought, because he was very particular about such matters and regarded the floor in the vicinity of his desk as his parlor. Never was anything permitted to interfere with the cleanliness of that parlor.

However, at this particular time, Henry did not remove the paper. He didn't know why. There was a certain something within him that told him not to. He picked the pencil up from the floor, left the paper where it was, and resumed his work. But work he could not. The same something that told him to leave the paper on the floor kept urging him to look

at it again. Unable to continue with his work, he stopped and glanced once more at the floor.

Lo! In place of one piece of paper there were two. At the sight of this Henry's better nature asserted itself, and he stooped to pick them up. But the same mysterious influence that made him hesitate but the moment before, stopped him now. Try as he would, he could not reach for the paper. His arm seemed muscle-bound.

When he looked at the two pieces of paper again they were gone. He felt relieved, but could not understand their disappearance. The thought made him look again at the floor. As he did so, his eyes opened wide. The entire floor was littered with paper. Big pieces, little pieces, yellow pieces, white pieces, used pieces, unused pieces, pieces neatly cut and pieces roughly torn.

The amazed boy looked on, thunderstruck. What seemed to him as particularly strange was the fact that the rest of the class seemed either unaware of or unconcerned in what was happening below the desk-tops. They went steadily on with their lessons.

His glaring eyes began to twitch nervously. The papers steadily increased in number until they were now to the shoe-tops and spread over all the floor from one wall to the other.

Without thinking, Harry gave the papers a slight kick. As he did so a remarkable thing happened, which made his eyes open still wider. The papers rose in height till they touched his knees. The poor boy would have shrieked, but even his voice was stilled by some

strange influence. He tried to inform Mr. Colgan of what was happening, for although the papers were now up to the very knees of all, none seemed to pay any attention to them. In fact, they did not appear to be aware of them at all.

The dumbfounded boy made an effort to stand, intending to rise from his seat, but in vain. He was glued to his desk. He did manage to move slightly, however, and as he did so, the papers suddenly rose to the height of his head, covering his arms and shoulders, and permitting only his head to be seen. Likewise were the bodies of all his class-mates covered, but they paid no attention to the unexplainable occurrence, and even Mr. Colgan went steadily about his work.

What Henry endured at that moment can scarcely be imagined.

The papers slowly increased in height. There were millions upon millions of them.

One upon the other, seemingly, coming from nowhere, they gradually covered the boy's mouth. Even if the powers of speech could have been restored to him at this point the stricken boy would not have been heard. Even now he was gasping for breath.

The papers slowly increased in height.

They were now up to his eyes. In a few moments he would be unable to see any more. And then what? The thought made him shudder.

Slowly, very slowly, the papers grew upon him.

They covered his eyes. He could see no more. Everything was darkness.

In another moment he was awakened by the voice

of his mother. She was urging him to hurry and prepare himself for school.

Before long he was at his desk, the desk that had tormented him in slumber. Every few minutes he glanced at the floor to see if paper was there. His floor was clean. However, he looked again and again. He would make certain. But each time he satisfied himself that all was well.

One time, however, there was a piece of paper by his shoe. From somewhere it had come. A peculiar feeling grew over the lad. He stooped to pick the paper up, praying that nothing would prevent him this time. Nothing stopped him. Satisfied, he continued with his work.

A few minutes later, Mr. Colgan, as was his custom, arose from his seat and carefully looked down every aisle to see if the floors were clear of paper.

Fearing to look at his own floor again, Henry watched the eyes of his teacher carefully as they moved to the region of his desk. He saw them turn from his aisle and into the next.

He smiled joyfully to himself. His floor was clean. He knew it and he was not dreaming.

SHADOWS OF THE DAY

One afternoon Henry's friend, Harry, decided not to attend school, but, instead, to go to the movies. Let us follow him as he leaves his house. Not far from the steps of his home he encounters Henry and unfolds his plan to him, endeavoring to induce him to go with him, but Henry stubbornly refuses and proceeds to school.

Harry is then seen to go up a side street, which leads in an indirect way to the picture theatre. Presently he remembers that its doors do not open until two o'clock and since it is now but fifteen minutes past one he decides to walk the streets until that time.

He has not walked more than a half-hour when his steps are suddenly halted. He has seen the truant officer coming directly towards him. Harry reverses his steps and is seen to vanish into a side street. From a niche in a building he waits until he sees the dreaded officer pass by.

This accomplished, he comes from his vantage place and returns in the direction he had started when interrupted by the officer. In a few moments he is again brought to an abrupt halt. This time it is his aunt that he observes approaching him. She is close upon him. Fortunately he has seen her before she has noticed him. Harry glances hastily about him. There is no place to run. Suddenly a thought strikes him. A cigar store is close by. He knows the store well, and that the man within sells nothing but tobacco. In another moment the door is opened by the boy and he enters, closing the door behind him. He asks the man if

he sells candy, turning at the same time to glance through the window. His aunt passes by as the merchant answers that he sells only tobacco.

Harry thanks the man, and slowly walks from the store. His aunt is a safe distance past him. Relieved, he resumes his walk. It is five minutes to two. He hesitates for a moment undecided whether to go to the theatre and wait there until the doors are opened or continue walking. He realizes that there is danger of being seen, either by his mother, or the principal, or, perhaps, the truant officer, if he should continue to walk the streets.

He decides that it would be less risky to go to the theatre and wait there, but as he approaches he sees a policeman talking to a man in front of the doors. His presence scares him. He turns about and walks hastily around the corner. The officer is soon gone.

It is now two o'clock. The doors open, and Harry, wishing not to be seen by anyone, hastily pays his admission fee and enters.

Soon the performance starts, and as the picture flashes upon the screen a dreadful awakening comes upon the boy. In his haste to enter the theatre he had failed to observe the name of the picture to be shown. It happened that he had seen that very same picture at a different theatre but the week previous. At that time he had remained to see the picture twice. Then it was pleasure. But to be compelled to see it a third time was pain.

However, he had no other course but to remain and see the picture a third time. It was entirely

too late to return to school, and he did not relish the idea of walking the streets for an hour and a half. That was entirely out of the question, especially when he remembered the but too recent narrow escapes he had had. So he keeps to his seat and tries to interest himself in the picture.

Meantime, let us see what is happening in school. From half past one until a quarter past two Mr. Colgan reads a story to the class. From two-fifteen until two-thirty a new song is taught. From two-thirty until two-forty-five the boys and girls play a game in the school yard, and from that time until the close of the school session a man from the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis presents them with a genuine treat; real motion pictures.

There are two pictures in all. One reveals a story of two boys; one healthy and strong, made so by proper exercise, sound, wholesome food, plenty of fresh air and of sleep, and by habits of cleanliness. The other boy, sickly and diseased, unable to work, his presence dreaded by other people, is finally taken to a place in the country. There he passes away. The other boy lives to be happy and enjoys living. He is very successful in life. He possesses a palatial home, and has a splendid wife, and healthy little ones, all his own.

The other picture is a very humorous one. It depicts the story of a germ named "Mike Robe." It contains so much comedy that the boys and girls enjoy themselves heartily.

The pictures are over, the school is dismissed and the happy boys and girls begin to return to their homes. At about the same time, the theatre in which Harry has been sitting, waiting for the time to pass, also is soon emptied of its audience, and Harry proceeds homeward. On his way home he again encounters Henry.

The latter reveals to him what has happened in school that afternoon. As he does so Harry pictures in his mind what has happened to him. In addition, Henry tells him that Mr. Colgan has sent a boy with a note to Harry's mother asking the reason for his absence.

Harry looks sorrowfully into the eyes of Henry and says nothing.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

Henry possessed a big, shiny, red apple. It was the kind that made the person who viewed it, vision rolling meadows of green grass; of waving, golden wheat fields, checkered here and there with glorious trees; big, sweet, luscious, mouth-watering fruit hanging from their branches. Such was the apple which reposed in Henry's desk.

Whenever Mr. Colgan would direct his attention from the class to the blackboard, Henry would slyly, carefully, and noiselessly advance the apple from its concealed retreat between the books in his desk and gaze admiringly at the fruit. Then, of a sudden, his teacher would turn sharply about, and speedily the guiltless fruit would return to its hidden haven.

When Mr. Colgan would again turn, the temptation would return to the boy. Though he meant to be honest, and though he had no desire to spy on his teacher, but really wished to pay attention to the lesson, he had lost control of his better self, and bent his head under the desk-top as if searching for something.

The apple was brought forward; teeth touched, and a part of the fruit lodged itself within the mouth of the boy, Henry. He blushed when, upon raising his head, he beheld his teacher eyeing him suspiciously.

Instinctively he stopped chewing, and, although the chunk of apple was larger than he had intended it to be, he had so managed his tongue and the hollow of his mouth that it was not detectable.

To Henry's immense relief Mr. Colgan turned again to the board, whereupon Henry began to chew for all

he was worth. Then something happened. Mr. Colgan turned abruptly about and asked a question. Henry did not hear what he asked, but he knew that he had asked a question. Then, as fate would have it, the teacher's eyes lighted on him and he spoke softly:

"Henry!"

The poor boy's heart sank. Not only did he not know what his teacher had asked, but his mouth was clogged with apple and he could not speak. The situation was desperate. He swallowed the fruit hastily.

He rose from his seat and stood gazing silently, nervously, guiltily, first at the floor, and then at the ceiling, endeavoring, apparently, to find the answer written in some mysterious manner thereon. Then hands went into the air: the children knew that Henry didn't know, and he felt somewhat relieved.

The teacher called on another pupil and Henry sat down.

Soon the lesson was ended. Mr. Colgan began to speak.

"I am going to make a few changes in the seating arrangement."

He then proceeded to change some of the children's seats, and as he did so, Henry prayed, and wished, and hoped.

"Henry, you will bring your books and take the seat there, in front of my desk."

The dazed boy looked at his teacher. It seemed as if the whole world from Pekin to Chicago and from Iceland to the Antarctic had gone against him, for between his books was the telltale apple.

“Please make haste,” Mr. Colgan said presently, and Henry began to remove his books and belongings more rapidly.

While doing so an idea struck him. He would leave the apple behind. In a moment his plan was carried out. In another moment he was in his new quarters. He was satisfied and relieved. He started to place his books in his new desk, when he heard a boy speak to his teacher.

“Mr. Colgan, here is an apple I found under my desk.”

Mr. Colgan looked at the apple, and then at Henry. The latter’s face turned red as the fruit, which the boy held high in the air.

“Take your apple, Henry,” the teacher said, “only next time do not be so selfish. Treat the other boys and girls, and please do not forget me.”

Mr. Colgan smiled. Henry did not.

CRIMINAL NEGLECT

Henry's aunt had promised to buy him a new sled if on his monthly report he received a satisfactory mark. Henry determined straightway to win that sled. He resolved that come what might, he would study and study hard, and so all through the month he kept faithfully to his determination, and Mr. Colgan was impressed. This Henry did not know, and not knowing it, he was a trifle worried, and resolved further not to let up in his work.

One day near the close of the month, Mr. Colgan was giving the class a lesson in Penmanship. He gave careful instructions about the position of the body, the manner of holding the pen, the proper slant to use, and he also stressed the point that it was arm, and not finger motion, that was most beneficial.

Henry tried his best. He began his writing. He observed everything; pen, paper, position, and the push and pull movement of the arm. He was confident that everything was excellent. He glanced at his paper, and not satisfied with this examination, he held it at arm's length before him. He was now more than satisfied. He was proud of his work.

It was at this point that Mr. Colgan began to make the rounds. He passed down one aisle and up the next, critically examining every paper and making helpful remarks whenever they were necessary. Henry's heart beat a trifle faster. His teacher was approaching him. He was hungry for praise and he felt that he merited it.

In a moment the teacher was at his side. Henry lowered his eyes and looked at his paper. His teacher

did likewise. Perhaps Henry was too shy to look at his teacher. He alone knows. At any rate, he was suddenly startled by a gentle tap, an almost imperceptible touch on his shoulder. Nervously he looked up. In another moment his hopes drooped and visions of a sled disappeared.

His teacher had anything but a look of approbation on his face.

"Henry," spoke Mr. Colgan gently, "come with me, please."

Henry followed him into the hall and here Mr. Colgan spoke.

"Did you wash your hands today?"

The boy's face blushed with shame. Without looking he knew that his hands were frightfully dirty, and he also knew that his teacher was an avowed enemy of dirt. Moreover, at this moment the thought came to the boy that Carrie, whom he adored, would probably hear of his neglect, and he feared to consider what she would think about it.

"Yes, Mr. Colgan, I washed them before I left home," Henry replied in a soft trembling voice.

"But they are dirty."

"I fell down."

"Henry, look at me."

Teacher looked at pupil and pupil looked at teacher.

"Henry, there is a story told of a man who was once arrested for a petty offense. Because he was married and was the support of a large family, the judge felt sorry for him and let him go free. He discharged the man with these words, 'Not guilty, but don't let it hap-

pen again.' ”

Henry lowered his head, but Mr. Colgan lifted it by putting his forefinger under the boy's chin.

“Henry, do you understand what I mean?” Mr. Colgan's voice was kind and fatherly.

“Yes, Mr. Colgan.”

“Then go to your seat—your penmanship today is excellent. Your work this month has been very satisfactory.”

LOST AND FOUND

Henry had never been fortunate when it came to finding things. True, he did find a pencil or an eraser now and then, but never anything of very real value. On one occasion he was even so unfortunate as to be walking just aside of Harry and watch him pick up from the ground a crisp dollar bill.

The thought of how unlucky he was often came to him and at times made him moody. He seemed to think on these occasions that he had been born under an unlucky star. On a certain day, however, his fortune changed. On his way to school he accidentally kicked something on the sidewalk. The object rang sharply. He halted his steps and searched the pavement. Presently he saw what he was looking for. It glistened like gold. He picked it up. It was a ring, evidently a new one.

Henry was thrilled when he looked at it. He tried it on each finger. It just fit the third. The thought suddenly struck him that the person who lost the ring might, perhaps, be looking for it, so he put it into his pocket hastily, and hurried to school.

He walked a square and then removed it from his pocket to glance at it once more. He continued walking and a moment later looked at it again. Then he quickened his step.

How many times he looked at his newly found possession, neither Henry nor anyone else knows. It is enough to say that at every opportunity his eyes went from his teacher or the blackboard to the ring. There was a new feeling of joy and success in his heart. His

was a real triumph.

About eleven o'clock Mr. Colgan read a story to the class. In the beginning Henry's interest was divided between the ring and the story, but as Mr. Colgan gradually unfolded the narrative, Henry opened his eyes a trifle wider, and soon was listening attentively. The story was about a little girl and a doll. It read as follows at the point that Henry really began to be interested:

"The door opened again in a moment and the man entered. He carried in his arms the beautiful doll which we have mentioned and set it upright in front of Cosette, saying, 'Here, Cosette, this is for you.'

"Cosette raised her eyes: she gazed at the man as she might have gazed at the sun; she stared at the doll; then slowly she crawled under the table and hid herself in a corner of the wall.

"She no longer cried; she had the appearance of no longer daring to breathe.

"Cosette gazed at the beautiful doll. Her face was still wet with tears, but she smiled beautifully. What she felt at that moment was a little like what she would have felt had she been told, 'Little one, you are Queen of France.'

"Then Cosette went up to the landlady timidly and said, 'May I really have it?'

" 'It is yours,' said the landlady, 'the gentleman has given it to you.'

" 'Truly, sir?' said Cosette. 'Is it true? Is the lady really mine?'

"The stranger's eyes filled with tears. He nodded

to Cosette, and placed the lady's hand in her tiny hand.

"In a moment Cosette's rags met and clasped the ribbons and fresh pink dress of the doll. 'I shall call her Catherine,' she said.

"Cosette placed Catherine on a chair, then seated herself on the floor in front of her. She did not move, but sat there and gazed at her beautiful doll.

"'Play, Cosette,' said the stranger.

"'Oh, I am playing!' replied the child, without even turning her head for an instant.

"Soon the landlady turned to the stranger. 'I shall send Cosette to bed,' she said. 'The poor child has worked all day.'

"Cosette went off to bed carrying Catherine in her arms.

"After the house was quiet, the stranger passed through the hall, as if looking for something. Under the staircase, in the midst of all sorts of old paper, dust and spider's webs, was a bed. The old straw mattress, full of holes, lay on the floor, and there were neither pillows nor sheets. In this bed Cosette was sleeping.

"The man gazed down at her.

"She was sleeping soundly; she was dressed. Against her breast she held the doll, whose large blue eyes shone in the darkness."*

This was not the end of the story, but Henry had heard enough to make him feel very, very sorry for Cosette, and then a strange thought struck him and

*Adaptation from Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables."

began to torment him. Might not the doll just as well have been a ring, and might not just such a girl as Cosette have lost it?

The thought plainly worried him and made him increasingly uneasy. He could bear it no longer. He removed the ring from his finger, and as soon as the morning session was ended he took the ring to the school office, and told them how it had come in his possession.

He was more glad than he was sad, but he was both.

MINGLED FEELINGS

On the morrow Henry had to recite. This he had to do before the assembled children of all the classes. It was his first time. The newness of the task made him feel uncertain as to how he ought to feel. At one time he thrilled at the thought of having the attention of all the children directed upon him. He enjoyed the prospect of having Carrie's two eyes gaze in admiration upon him.

Then all would grow dark. The light of joy in his eye would be quenched and gloom would grow slowly but steadily and certainly and more strongly in its place. A big, heavy, dark cloud would hover over his head and prevent the sunlight from entering and cheering him. For he would vision himself alone, and very, very nervous; perhaps stuttering, and then—then what was to prevent him from forgetting his poem or a part of it? The idea grew upon him and sickened him.

The suggestion came to his mind that he might even attempt to avoid the ordeal by absenting himself from school on the morrow. But, on second thought, he realized that this would not do, because his teacher and his schoolmates would understand. The boys and girls would most certainly mock him on his return and say that he was afraid. Besides, he realized that he would only be delaying what he inevitably must do. He concluded that it was wisest to try to do his assignment without delay and manfully.

Accordingly, all that afternoon and evening, silently and aloud, he repeated to himself what he was to say in assembly. He meant to make certain that he would

know his poem so well that his memory would not fail him. That night he even dreamed about his speech.

The morning came. He awoke earlier than usual. His sleep during the night had not been a sound one. He awoke occasionally, due to pressure of dismal thoughts, and gazed through the darkness and then fell to slumber again. But now that he was definitely awake he had a peculiar feeling of mingled joy and pain.

In a short time he was on his way to school. If one would have observed him carefully he would have noticed that he wore his best suit, his choice tie, and his new shoes. Also, if one could have examined the feeling in the region of the boy's heart, he would have found that it was now a very peculiar, gnawing, empty-like, appetiteless feeling. Henry tried to overcome it, but in vain.

In school the classes soon assembled. The Bible was read. A song was sung. All was ready. Henry sat uneasy in his seat, for the time had arrived for him to speak and he could see his teacher looking at him.

Of a sudden, a door to the assembly room opened and there entered a stranger, accompanied by the principal. The visitor was an elderly lady. She was presently introduced as the representative of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. In a moment she was addressing the boys and girls.

She spoke interestingly, and did not cease until one-half hour had elapsed. Then, while all listened attentively, she bade farewell to the youngsters, and left the

room smiling.

The suspense that Henry endured during her talk can scarcely be imagined. It is doubtful whether much of what the lady said came to his ears save as mingled sounds on a troubled mind. The half-hour that she had spoken seemed to him like two. And, now, strange to say, he wanted to recite his poem. He was growing confident that he would do it well, and he wanted to get it over with. His only worry at this point was that, perhaps, there would now not be time for his poem. He waited anxiously for a motion from his teacher bidding him to rise. His heart was beating wildly.

Mr. Colgan did not call on him. The assembly was already too lengthy. A chord was struck on the piano, a march was played, and the children returned to their class-rooms.

Strange to say, Henry was deeply disappointed.

THE WET BLANKET

Henry was on his way to school. The sun, which hitherto had been bright and warm, dimmed slowly and then disappeared from sight. Henry looked at the heavens. A heavy, dark cloud was approaching rapidly. The wind, until now scarcely noticeable, presently increased until it seemed furious. Then the heavens broke.

To Henry it seemed as if the end of the world had come. Before he could even think of running for shelter, he was dripping, soaking wet. Streams of water trickled from his cap down his face. His clothing was drenched. Then it was that Henry thought of shelter.

He looked around. There was none close at hand. However, a half-block down the street in the direction of the school was an awning. In another moment he was running with all his might for it.

As he ran, lightning crackled across the heavens and the sky seemed to be rendered apart. Streaks of lightning seemed to split the heavens, temporarily revealing glimpses of the great beyond—the great mystery of which so many people dream and think.

A few seconds later a loud crash of thunder brought the chill of fear into the boy's heart.

Nature's frolic did not last. The storm soon departed. In another moment the heavens were calm—the sun reappeared and everything was as before. That is, except Henry; he was dripping wet.

This fact did not deter him, however. On to school he went. Part of his class was already seated when he

arrived at his room. In a few moments Mr. Colgan looked at him and observed that his clothing was wet, especially his shoes.

"Henry," he said, "you are very wet. You had better go home and change your clothing or you will catch a cold."

"Yes, Mr. Colgan," replied Henry.

He took his books, copied the lessons for the next day, bade good-bye to his teacher and left.

In the school yard Henry met his friend Harry. They exchanged words.

"Where are you going?" asked Harry, his curiosity aroused.

"Home!" replied Henry.

"Home?" asked Harry in surprise as his eyes opened wide.

Henry told him what had happened.

Neither of the boys knew that at that very moment Mr. Colgan had accidentally passed by the window and had noticed the two boys conversing and was watching their movements.

Presently he saw both boys walk to the pavement. Henry stopped while Harry walked to the gutter, where there was a large pool of water caused by the recent downpour. He walked right into the pool, drenching his feet. Then Mr. Colgan saw Henry leave his friend and walk away, while Harry again entered the school yard.

Mr. Colgan left his position at the window.

In another moment, Harry, his shoes and stockings soaked, walked slowly into the class-room.

Mr. Colgan appeared not to notice him. When Harry came from the dressing room, instead of walking to the back of the room, as was customary, he came to the front of the room and walked slowly down the aisle in order that Mr. Colgan might see him and the condition of his shoes.

"Harry," said Mr. Colgan presently, "you are drenched."

Harry looked innocently at his shoes. They were so that the soles of the boy's shoes felt like sponges.

"Harry, you had better go home," continued the teacher.

Harry smiled victoriously to himself. But his joy was short-lived.

"And, Harry. Just as soon as you have changed your shoes and stockings, return to class. And please do not be too long in making the change."

Harry did not say a word. He walked from the room, apparently buried in deep thought.

THE GIFT OF GUM

There was an epidemic of gum-chewing in school, and Mr. Colgan had gently warned his class not to bring any of the gum into the class-room. He explained why gum-chewing was anything but a good habit. He pointed how it causes the saliva to flow unnecessarily, thus hindering the process of digestion.

Despite the talk, one morning shortly after, Henry forgot and purchased a piece of gum. Later he remembered Mr. Colgan's advice and was on the point of throwing it away when the thought came to him that he might continue to chew the gum until he approached the school and then dispose of it.

When Henry arrived near the school he met his friend Harry, and they began to talk, and their conversation was so interesting that before they were aware of it the yard bell had sounded and the two boys were in line.

Then Henry remembered the gum.

What was he to do? Throw it away he could not, because the teachers in charge of the lines were watchful and might see. He couldn't very well put it into his pocket, because the very nature of gum made that plan very undesirable.

Presently a new thought came to him. He would paste it under his desk when he reached his seat—but no. On second consideration, that wouldn't do. The janitor, while cleaning, would see it and report the matter to Mr. Colgan. A new idea dawned upon him. He would remove the gum from his mouth, wrap it in a piece of paper and ask leave of Mr. Colgan to throw it

in the waste basket. The more that he thought of this plan the more it appealed to him. He resolved to put it into execution.

When he came to his seat he reached below his desk to remove a piece of paper from his tablet. While he was doing this he unknowingly began to chew the troublesome gum that was still in his mouth. Mr. Colgan happened to be in a position to see him and his tell-tale jaws.

"Henry! What have you in your mouth?"

These words stunned the boy and he could do nothing but straighten his body and reply. He answered meekly and nervously.

"I am chewing gum, Mr. Colgan."

He expected his teacher the next moment to bring the heavens down upon him, but evidently Mr. Colgan did not see fit to take that course.

"Henry, I advised you recently," he began, "about the harmful effects of gum-chewing. Apparently you have refused to heed my advice. All right. Before I say anything further, please put the gum into the basket."

Henry advanced to the waste-basket. The eyes of Mr. Colgan and of the class followed him intently, and after the peculiar rap of the gum against the papers in the basket was heard they watched him take his seat. Then Mr. Colgan resumed.

"Henry, since you have refused to follow my advice I shall be compelled to take means to stop gum-chewing by other methods. The next person who chews or eats in this class-room is permitted to do so only on the con-

dition that he treat each and every pupil with an equal share of what he has. Is that clear?"

Henry replied in the affirmative and every pupil in the class understood the words of his teacher. Thereupon the work of the class was resumed and the incident soon forgotten.

That afternoon, to the consternation of all the boys and girls, Henry walked to his seat chewing gum openly and unconcernedly. It didn't take Mr. Colgan long to see and for a moment he grew very angry. The work of the class halted as soon as it began. Momentarily the teacher seemed at a loss as to what to do. It was very evident that his anger was increasing.

Henry saw what was happening in his teacher's mind and decided that his time had come. With the eyes of all upon him he slowly removed from his pocket about forty pieces of gum. Immediately the expression on Mr. Colgan's face changed, and both he and the class began to smile as they gradually realized what had happened. Mr. Colgan's words of the morning were recalled.

"The next person who chews or eats in this classroom is permitted to do so only on the condition that he treat each and every pupil with an equal share of what he has."

Mr. Colgan interrupted the peculiar situation by speaking to Henry.

"I understand, Henry. You may give a piece of the gum to each boy and girl."

Henry rose from his seat and proudly distributed the gum. When he finished he sat down and with

the feeling of one who has triumphed, resumed the chewing of the gum.

The boys and girls in the meantime began to unwrap their share preparatory to chewing it, but Mr. Colgan interrupted their doings.

"Just one moment. The only person permitted to chew gum is Henry, since he has treated all. In order for anyone else to chew he also must treat all according to the condition I expressed this morning."

The surprised pupils realized that Mr. Colgan was right.

"And, besides," Mr. Colgan resumed, "from my talk to you about gum-chewing, you should, for your own sakes, have no desire to continue that harmful habit. If you indeed intend to stop the practice, why not start now? Come, let me see what you boys and girls are really made of. Here is the waste-basket. You are free to use it."

The class understood, and, one by one, each pupil advanced and deposited the gum in the basket as the disappointed Henry looked on. When the whole class had disposed of the gum there was little left for Henry to do but imitate them. He removed the gum from his mouth and deposited it into the waste-basket. When he returned to his seat Mr. Colgan smiled pleasantly to his class. They returned the smile. Then Mr. Colgan smiled to Henry.

In another moment the class was busily at work.

Henry was absorbed in a maze of conflicting thoughts and feelings.

THE FALLEN CONQUEROR

Henry and Harry were good friends. They had known each other since the time they had entered the first grade. Like brothers, they were ever together. They were genuine pals.

The time during which this story treats was that changing period between Winter and Spring; the time when people look forward to putting away their heavy top coats, and when one visions green grass and leafing trees and growing blossoms.

Then the heart leaps with thrills of ecstasy. One feels for action, for fun, for play, for the grand open air under the warm vaulted sky and the cheer of the sun. And when after a severe winter such a day comes, a forerunner of the real spring—one almost bursts with love for the open and Mother Nature.

Therefore, when recess came on a certain day in March, Henry and Harry, overbubbling with spring fever, began to box playfully in the school yard. Meanwhile, a group of fellow schoolmates gathered around the boys to watch the interesting sparring.

It was all in fun. From the midst of faces encircling the two contestants could be seen the eyes of Carrie, looking admiringly on, and these Henry saw. The net result was a harder punch than usual on Harry. Harry, not to be outdaunted or outpointed, returned one just as severe.

Henry looked and observed that Carrie was laughing. She appeared to be enjoying the fight. All the pride of his ancestors, of the days of the knights of yore, awakened in him. The result was a still harder

blow on Harry.

This angered Harry, especially after the effects of the blow began to be felt. Tightening his fists he let loose a terrific thrust at his chum. The latter brushed it aside by jumping from the path of the oncoming blow. Henry was now angry. The fight had become an earnest one.

Henry aimed a punch at his foe's face. Harry held his hand to his eye. He had had enough. He could feel his eye swelling. The fight ceased, but only because Harry refused to fight on. He was angry, very angry at his best friend.

They separated, but the screaming throngs of boys and girls urged them on. And while Henry was gazing admiringly at Carrie, the crowd was suddenly seen to part, and Mr. Adel, the principal, came forward. Without a word he beckoned to the two boys to come with him. Without delay they followed him to his office.

After a few questions he led Harry to his inner office and told Henry to wait outside. Henry did so. He listened impatiently for sounds of voices in the adjoining room. In a few moments he heard his chum crying.

Henry's spirits failed him. He knew that it was his turn shortly to be reprimanded and the thought worried him. He wished the whole affair had never occurred. He wished that it were all a dream, but, knowing that it was not, he hoped that he could disappear somehow into the thin air and fly to China or India, any place but the one where he now was.

But all in vain. The door opened. Harry, head lowered, walked slowly out, and Henry, sighing, walked in. Both were sorry boys and sympathized each with the other.

THE EARLY LATE-COMER

The cases of lateness in Mr. Colgan's class were very, very few and very, very far between. For the past few years Mr. Colgan's class had led the school in so far as the punctuality record was concerned. Never had there been more than two pupils late in any one month, and rarely more than one.

This was because the boys and girls of the class were resolved that the punctuality record was one of which to be proud, and they meant to do nothing to spoil that record. In fact, the boys and girls looked down upon lateness as something almost, if not quite entirely, unnecessary.

Excuses such as, "Had to go an errand," "The clock was wrong," and "I didn't know that it was late" were laughed at, especially when they remembered the example set by their teacher, who lived in a distant section of the city and who had to take three cars in order to reach the school. Yet he was in school long before the class arrived.

Moreover, when the pupils considered that they themselves lived not more than ten minutes' walk at the most from the school, it was evident why they were exceedingly jealous of their attendance and promptness records.

Now Henry had never before been late. His record was one to be envied, excepting the one occasion when he had played truant. Yet on the morning of his birthday, as he hurried to school with his books over his shoulder, he was struck by the absence of the line of boys and girls on their way to school that he usually

encountered in the morning. Where was everyone?

It gradually dawned upon him that he must be late, and that all the boys and girls were already in school. As the thought grew upon him the more sorry he became that he had not risen earlier. Yet, somehow, he could not understand why he was late. He had awakened, eaten and dressed as usual and without delay. Nevertheless, there was little doubt but that he was late.

He quickened his pace, urged on by what slight doubt there was. Perhaps the last bell had not yet rung. His pace soon became a trot. In a short time he reached the school. He glanced hastily around. The outside of the building was deserted.

It was late, evidently very late. With the positive realization came despair. He had spoiled the splendid record that had taken so long to build; he had ruined the record of the class for the month, and to top the whole matter he had no excuse to give to his teacher.

Nevertheless, he delayed no longer, and clothed in a cloud of disappointment and discouragement, he hastened breathlessly up the school stairs and into the hallway.

No one could be seen. Evidently the classes must be in the assembly listening to the Bible-reading, for everything was so very quiet. At this point, Henry began to think what he should say to his teacher. Lie, he would not, and the truth would scarcely sound convincing. Certainly his thoughts were very much confused. Besides, he was very, very nervous.

He went to his classroom. As was usual when the

class was in the assembly, it was deserted. He walked into the dressing room. There he was struck by the absence of hats and coats. Not a single article of clothing was in its place. He became more confused than ever.

Presently he was startled by sounds of heavy footsteps. They were in the hallway and slowly approaching the room. In another moment a man entered. Henry stared at him. It was the janitor. When he saw Henry, his gruff voice thundered, "What are you doing here so early?"

For a moment the dazed boy stared at the man. Then gradually he realized what had happened. He had seen no children on the streets, no cloaks in the dressing room, because it was very early and not late.

"I thought it was late," he answered, trembling, but overjoyed. The heavy weight of doubt, anxiety and disappointment was being lifted from his heart and head.

THE BELOVED CHEATER

No one had ever doubted Henry's honesty. Moreover, he was very polite and gentlemanly in his ways. Perhaps the story of the knights of old, which his teacher had read to the class in the beginning of the term, had something to do with his attitude towards others. Perhaps he remembered the lofty ideals which the knight held; how he vowed to be ever truthful; how he promised to protect the weak and defenceless, and how he cherished his family ties and revered his friends.

Perhaps, at times, Henry even visioned himself one of these self-same knights, with a coat of mail, and a shield with a large family seal painted beautifully in front; with a plumed helmet and a shining sword, and a lance, and a prancing steed, and a squire to attend to his wants.

He probably saw himself at the jousts, demonstrating his skill in the presence of the king and queen and the assembled multitudes of knights and their ladies. If he did, he most likely saw himself victorious, with his rival thrown from his horse by a blow from his lance. Or, perhaps, he saw himself at the tournament, where a mimic battle between two rival groups of knights was in progress. No doubt, he always saw himself strong and fearless, yet courteous and kind.

If he visioned these things he must also have seen a costly prize, a jewel, or a beautiful steed, or a suit of armor, or a golden-hilted sword, awarded to him, the victor. He must have heard the cheers of the ladies and the yells of the knights.

No doubt the things that he visioned were reflected

in his everyday actions. He was chivalrous. He was brave and kind and true.

One day the real test of his character came. It was during a test in Arithmetic that his class was having. Henry was very proficient in his work and especially in Arithmetic. Yet Henry was worried. It seems that Carrie did not know how to do her problems. This he could see from her actions. Henry was very sorry and sympathized greatly with her.

Then a thought flashed through his mind. He would do the problems and pass them to her while the teacher was not looking. This seemed to him to be the gentlemanly thing to do. It seemed the chivalrous thing to do. He would help his lady in distress, by fair means, if possible, and by foul means, if necessary. He weighed the matter carefully and finally concluded that, although it was not exactly an honest deed, yet it was better than leaving her in distress.

He scribbled the problems hastily on a piece of paper, folded it carefully and, while Mr. Colgan was not looking, laid it on Carrie's desk. A feeling of satisfaction routed the anxiety that was over him. He looked triumphantly at Carrie for an expression of appreciation.

But his joy was short-lived. Carrie, astonished beyond all measure, picked the paper up, and when she saw what it contained she showed plainly her extreme consternation and contempt by slowly tearing the paper to bits.

Henry tried to swallow. It was hard. The terrible awakening came to him. He realized how dis-

honest an act he had done. To add coals to the blazing fire within him, he realized that he had earned the contempt of Carrie. This thought was extremely hard to bear.

He lowered his head and tried to resume his work.

On the next day came the unkindest cut of all. Mr. Colgan read the test marks to the class. Henry's rating was 40 and Carrie's was 80.

Henry was exceedingly crestfallen on that day.

HOMework

If one could have seen Henry on a certain balmy afternoon in May, he would have found him studiously prying into several books and magazines, and jotting down therefrom the important facts for which he searched. And if one could have examined the titles of the books and magazines he would have found that they dealt with the question of "Prison Reform."

This was the subject of the composition that he was to write that afternoon and which he had to read on the morrow. Henry was very much interested in the subject and went about his work most heartily. But he soon found it hard to concentrate his thoughts on the books.

From his window he could see his friends enjoying themselves in a game of baseball. He heard the rattle of speeding skates on the sidewalk below, and the cries of laughing children, that seemed ever to sound beautiful and fairylike and melodious in the thin air, came to his ears. They were like the music of the sirens on the ears of Ulysses' men.

Henry, not unlike all boys, was fascinated by the great outdoors and looked increasingly from his books to the game below. True, he was interested in what he was doing, but it was not nearly as attractive as what was happening outdoors. Soon a bird alighted on the sill of his window. This urged him more than ever to drop his books, but with a feeling of determination he returned once more to his books and began to search anew for telling or striking sentences.

When he had completed the gathering of these facts

it was time for supper.

While eating, his thoughts were hardly on the food, although, to be sure, he gave numerous glances in the direction of the apple sauce, and later, when it was served, seemed to enjoy it immensely. Yet even the sauce was not uppermost in his mind.

He was thinking of the composition. He had labored hard with it and he looked forward to receiving praise from Mr. Colgan for the work.

Supper over, he hastened back to his desk, and resumed where he had left off. An hour passed.

Another.

Henry heard his mother and father discussing how hard he was working and trying, and he felt pleased. He enjoyed just praise.

Eight o'clock. Children's voices in the night air increased. They were like the sounds one might expect to hear in fairyland. The noises of the daytime; wagons, carts, trolleys, automobiles, etc., had disappeared almost entirely, and the voices of the children became clearer. There were laughing voices; happy voices; joyful, playing, carefree voices. They seemed to hypnotize Henry and urge him to drop his work and come outside to join the throngs of merry youngsters, just as the Pied Piper's flute. But Henry had a task to accomplish and he kept to it faithfully. Soon his eyes grew tired.

Gradually the sounds outside died away and disappeared into the thin air. The quiet of late evening began to fall.

Presently Henry gave a sigh of tremendous relief.

He had finished. He put his papers and his books together carefully and went to bed. He was very glad now that he had kept to his task, despite the influences that kept urging him to play. He had the feeling of having performed a hard work and of having done it well. Like a conqueror he felt. He knew that it was easier to go outside and play and that it was harder to remain indoors and work. He had done the latter and was glad.

He slept comfortably during the night.

The morning was bright and cheerful. He hurried to school. He was happy and tripped along merrily. He arrived at school. In a while he and his class were busily engaged with their lessons. Time came for the geography lesson. Henry removed his book from beneath his desk. It was the book in which he had placed his composition. Busied with other work he had almost forgotten about the composition, but the big geography book soon brought it back to his mind. The wish came to him to take one glance at it again.

He turned the pages of the book. The composition was not to be found. Only the rough copy was in the book. He had taken that in mistake for the good copy. However, he would be certain of his error. He turned the pages again and again. He looked through all the other books. In vain. The composition was not to be found. The feelings that grew over the boy can hardly be imagined. There was even the possibility that he might have lost it on his way to school. In another moment his mind became a blank. He was very confused. He tried to recall what he had done with it,

but was unable to do so. He was sinking, sinking, sinking, deeper and more speedily with every second into the depths of despair.

What hope was left in him made him search again. In vain. Meantime the morning went by. Shortly before dismissal he was scheduled to read his composition. Composition he had not. True, there was the rough copy, but it was unreadable for the reason that Henry scribbled over parts of it in revising it. All that Henry had was despair, discouragement and disappointment.

The English period finally came. Henry was dismayed. He felt that same gnawing feeling around his heart that he had experienced before. Mr. Colgan was looking at him and Henry felt certain that only a moment of time separated him from the inevitable.

Then something happened.

Gong signals sounded. The class suddenly ceased what they were doing, straightened grimly, rose quickly from their seats and formed into lines. It was the fire alarm. Perhaps it was a real fire, perhaps but a drill. Neither Mr. Colgan nor the class knew.

The class marched into the school yard to their proper places. They waited there some time before they returned to their class.

When they were seated they did not resume their work because it was time for the regular dismissal. Henry was saved—for a while, at least. Soon the class was dismissed.

The sorrowing boy returned home.

“Henry, did you leave your composition on the desk this morning?”

These were the joyful words that greeted the boy on his arrival at home. They were the words of his mother.

Henry, amazed, looked at her. Then he smiled, answered “Yes,” and kissed her.

LABOR LOST

The sound of the jarring of wagon wheels, the honk-honk of passing automobiles, the clang-clang of the trolley and other kindred noises came to Henry's ears as he half opened his eyes. He seemed to be in a sort of dream. For the moment he did not know whom or where he was. But as he kept staring in the brilliant glare of the sunlight around him, the outline of his bed-posts gradually came to his eyes, then the walls of his room, then the covers of his bed, then himself.

He knew now that he was Henry and that he was lying in bed and that he had better hurry or he would be late for school. He reached his arms from beneath the covers. They felt the chill of the morning air and he immediately put them back.

Henry lay there as before, thinking what a cruel world it was because it was necessary for him to rise so early and go to school. He wouldn't mind it so much when the weather was warm, but in the winter he thought it was very hard to do.

Moreover, Henry was very tired and still very sleepy, and altogether too comfortable to get up and dress in that cold room. But it had to be done, and Henry knew it. He would not spoil his record for attendance and promptness at school because of a matter like that. But he did feel that he would like to remain just as he was, for, say, fifteen minutes longer. If he could only do that he would be content.

While he was thinking of this the gong of the clock downstairs sounded eight times.

"Good!" ejaculated Henry.

He could remain in bed fifteen minutes longer. It was still early.

He sank his head below the covers and lay there with a feeling of triumphal satisfaction. The room being chilly, the bed being warm, and Henry, being yet tired and drowsy, fell asleep. Naturally he didn't know it. For one whole hour he dreamed sweet dreams.

And then he awoke with a start. The clock was gonging nine. For a moment all manner of thoughts passed through his mind. Then he came to and realized everything.

With the realization came dismay. He was already late for school, and, besides, he had not yet had his breakfast and it seemed that the pangs of hunger had been awakened with him and had commenced to torment him as they never had before.

In a moment he was up and dressing. A few minutes later he was in the dining-room below.

There he met his mother. He looked for an expression of disapprobation on her face. It was not there. Nothing but the customary kindness and love.

Henry wondered and then wondered again. He glanced at the clock. Five minutes past nine. He looked again at his mother. She did not seem to think that anything was wrong.

"Henry! Why don't you eat your breakfast?"

He looked confusedly at her and took his seat. As he did so his eyes fell on the calendar which was upon the wall. They opened wide.

A smile crept slowly over his face. He commenced to eat his breakfast slow and heartily.

It was Saturday.

THE BLACK SHEEP

"Just think," said Henry to himself as he romped along the sunlit path, stopping now and then to kick a dandelion, "all the other boys and girls are in school working hard, doing their lessons."

Presently he interrupted his thoughts and whistled a tune.

"It's great to be out here. Much better than being in school. No books to carry, no lessons to recite, no teacher to see that I do my work well. I can talk as much as I want. I can sing as much as I wish, and I can whistle all day long. I don't have to keep my step in line, or tiptoe, or stand up straight."

At that moment, the sun, which until now had been bright and cheerful, gradually darkened, and the boy's thoughts changed. The fields, which were but the moment before reflecting the sun's joy into the truant's eyes, now cast off the gloom of a heavy and dark cloud.

Presently, however, the sun reappeared and all was as before. The boy resumed his whistling. The wind strengthened. The sun once again hid its face behind a cloud. The boy halted and looked up.

"Hope it doesn't rain," he said.

"A drop! Another!" He gasped as he held up the palm of his hand.

"Hope it stops. Hope it does. Hope God stops the rain."

His prayer, however, seemed not to have been heard, the drops increased in size and number. The storm had come.

Henry looked for shelter, but none was to be seen.

He had reached that part of the open country where one sees nothing but field and meadow, and wheat and corn for miles. Not a tree, not an overhanging rock, not a barn; nothing save perhaps the useless cross-boards of a fence.

Henry increased his pace; now he ran; stumbled; now walked; now sighed. The poor boy truant was now a boy philosopher.

"To think that the boys and girls are in their cozy seats, listening to teacher telling a story or showing them how to paint, and look at me. I'm wet!"

He tripped over a rock as he ran.

"Will I play truant again?" he said to himself.

"I won't, by gosh, I bet."

DAY DREAMING

It was in the forest of Kuberco, in Central Africa. For centuries, the inhabitants—pigmies they were—were born, bred and buried in that strange country. And all this time without ever having seen the sun in the heavens; for the trees in the forest were so dense and the leaves so thick, and the vines so high and profuse, that scarcely a ray of light ever entered the gloomy and dismal place—a place, which it seemed, God had forgotten.

The people reflected the dreariness and weariness of the forest. They moved about their everyday tasks but slowly and monotonously; life and activity were little known to them. Savages they were, of course, and as a story once went, they saw white man but once in their long history. Two men were seen to enter the mysterious forest, which no one yet had ever dared to enter, and these men disappeared ever afterwards.

At the time of which this story treats, a number of explorers had encamped in the outskirts of the forest and had accidentally set fire to it. The conflagration spread and soon was upon the strange pigmy tribe. They were at once awe and terror-stricken. Fire they had never before seen and at first the beauty of the flames mystified and then attracted them, but when they beheld their chief fall, a victim to its scorching heat, they fled and they fled.

Everything was excitement. The weak and the sick were left behind in the wild rush, and the tame tigers and lions roamed aimlessly about, hopelessly bewildered. The remnant of the tribe walked and ran

intermittently for twelve weeks in their frantic effort to escape the encroaching flames, stopping but for rest and food. One day, in the thirteenth week of their flight, they were brought to a full and sudden halt. They had reached the outskirts of the forest, when lo! Something in the vast heavens was staring them in the face, the like and mysteriousness of which they had never before beheld. It was the sun.

For a while confusion reigned supreme. The tribe was terror-stricken; mad and demented, they wandered aimlessly about till some of them died from lack of food and water. Some died instantly from mortal terror, others completely lost their senses.

For a number of days, the tumult and the shouting continued in one wild hullabaloo, but when it was seen that the huge ball of light and fire did them no harm, they fell to worshipping it, and every day, at noon, offered a sacrifice to it as a sign of their fear and of their love. The leader of the tribe—a wise man—observed that as the days grew on the sun approached at noon high and higher in the heavens with every day. On the tenth day after this remarkable discovery, the sun was observed to be directly overhead. The tribe now began to feel uneasy.

A few days later they were again terror-stricken, for when they assembled to offer their noon-time sacrifice, they noted that the sun had begun to recede from overhead. In the next few days they observed that it was gradually lowering and lowering in the sky. In a short time, they reasoned, it would disappear from their sight.

The turmoil was soon so great that the wise men of the tribe held council to determine, if they could, the reason for this strange happening. After four days of continuous deliberation, they concluded that the great ball of light and fire in the heavens must be angry with them, and for this reason was going away from them, day by day. They were gloomy and sad and knew not how to appease and please the sun. They ordered sacrifice after sacrifice to be offered and these were offered, but to no avail. The sun continued to lower in the heavens.

Grief-stricken, the wise men ordered the sorrowing tribe to return to the forest whence they had fled, where they could not look upon the angry sun and it not upon them. Slowly and sadly they re-entered the forest.

Generations have now passed since this strange and hitherto unheard-of event. The world has changed its customs and its peoples again and again since then, but the little pigmy tribe still lives on, in the dreary, dismal forest of Kuberco, in Central Africa. Here they still are born, bred and buried—here—in the dark and gloomy forest.

“Pay attention to the lesson, Henry.”

It was Mr. Colgan’s voice. Henry knew he had been day dreaming.

HENRY'S COMPOSITION

"Boys and girls," said Mr. Colgan, "I am pleased to announce that Henry's composition, 'Crazy Al Lond' is the winner of the prize I have offered. I shall read it to you."

CRAZY AL LOND

Father had left with his men for Kabuk to haul lumber down the river. The hustle and bustle of the men went with them and except for Mother, I was alone in the new and strange woods.

No longer could I run alone through the woods, for the wolves were about, and the men were not here to scare them off; no longer could I go with Harold or Wharton or Big Boot. Instead, I had to remain within the house and impatiently watch the clock turn its big hands, slowly at first, and then very, very slowly.

Finally, I could withstand the tiring monotony no longer. The fresh air without, lured and lured me to the woods; the clouds overhung in the sky, and despite the brightly burning fireplace, the house looked dismal and dark. I yearned incessantly for the men to return, but it seemed as if they never would. The minutes began to be hours, and every time the old timekeeper clicked, my mind wandered off to Kabuk. Stealthily I opened the door, and in another moment I was through and off.

I had walked for about an hour; snow was now falling. The big, heavy flakes whitened all objects about me and the path, which I knew led in the direction of Kabuk, was gradually disappearing under the rapid fall of snow. I was on the verge of turning back, when

thoughts of the dreariness at home fluttered to my mind, and spurred by the prospect of a glorious time at Kabuk, I was urged to go on, and on I went.

If it was cold, I was not aware of it, for my only thoughts were on Kabuk. I would picture the men clearing the log-blocked river, or Jim leading me through the saw-mill, or myself serving the men at mess, or crossing the river on father's boat.

While dreaming these sweet dreams, my attention was suddenly diverted to something moving in a path of whitened shrubbery to my left. Thinking that it was due to birds rustling about for food, I was about to continue my journey when I discovered that nothing less than a baby wolf was eyeing me piteously, its leg caught in a trap. I shuddered twixt sympathy and fear and my thoughts were confused for a moment.

It was not so much the young wolfling that terrified me, but the likelihood that its ravenous mother must be rambling about, and the mere mention of wolf had always been a nightmare to me. Besides the wolves there was a new danger—the traps. Caught in one, I knew the dire consequences only too well.

My fears were by far overshadowed, however, by the thought of Kabuk, and I continued on my way. Kabuk was irresistible.

The path was now completely covered, and I had to judge its place by the position of the trees. I came to a slight depression in the snow-puffed ground, which I took to be a cross-path, and stepped upon it. I screamed, and the next moment I knew I had stepped into a narrow creek, and what was tenfold more to be dreaded, had

lost the way to Kabuk. The meaning of this gradually dawned before me and I stood utterly bewildered.

I was lost in the great and unfrequented woods.

Pondering as to what I should do, I stopped instantly. Not more than two hundred yards away a black object was moving over the blanketed earth. I didn't have to look twice to see what it was—I knew, and the next moment I leaped through what seemed to be a path, and as fast as my young legs could bear me, ran towards what to me was nowhere.

How long I ran I can't tell; my only thoughts were to run, and I was not even conscious of the moving legs below.

In a moment I was brought to a full and complete stop, for out of the dense whiteness before me there now loomed forth, like a rock from an angry sea, a house so completely snow-covered that were it not for the smoke issuing from the chimney, I might have passed it by.

The joy which this new turn brought was, however, shortlived, and my thoughts were suddenly swallowed in a maelstrom of dread and terror, for it dawned upon me that this was the house of "Crazy Al Lond," which two children had entered and had disappeared ever afterwards. Crazy Al Lond was often talked about by the men, and it was in this way that I heard of weird stories about him. At one time, the men, heavily armed, went in search of him, with the view of driving him from the country. His house was besieged for hours, and when the impatient men finally broke in, Al Lond was nowhere to be found. He had

vanished, as it were, into the thin air.

I turned around and started back whence I had come. But lo! Not more than fifty yards away was the wolf, leaping eagerly and speedily towards me. Concerned with the thought of Crazy Al Lond I had forgotten the beast entirely. I again turned and the next moment found me flying towards the dreaded house.

Presently I came to the door, but here my courage failed me.

The thought of the crazy man disheartened me. A glance over my shoulder, however, found me lifting the latch and rushing through the door. The frenzied wolf howled as the door closed upon it.

Expecting, now, every moment, to be seized in the cold, bony clutches of Al Lond, I dared not turn about, but stood with my face towards the door, my hands on the latch. A calendar on the door caught my eyes; I thought I had seen it before—yes, I was sure I had. It carried me back to home, and I knew then that we had one just like it.

Horror of horrors! Someone was coming down the steps. The pumping of my heart almost drowned the noise of the footsteps. Suddenly, however, my heart seemed to stop beating. The footsteps were becoming louder and louder with every step. All my courage failed me and I stood like a piece of nothing, ready to be moulded into whatever Crazy Al Lond might desire.

The steps presently ceased—I had been discovered. I muttered something, I knew not what, and forgot that I was alive.

The words, "Where have you been," greeted me in a voice that I well knew.

Like the newborn chick, working to free itself from its burdensome shell, I endeavored to clear myself of the conflicting thoughts that enveloped my mind. I turned, and instead of finding myself in the cold, bony clutches of Al Lond, I found the ever-too-welcome arms of mother around me.

I gasped and gave a sigh of relief.

It was my own home.

BITTER SWEETS

Mr. Colgan forbade talking in the class-room in his temporary absence from it. Not that it was a very serious offence in itself, but because he wished his class to learn and acquire the habit of self-control and to grow accustomed to feeling that they were old enough to take care of themselves without being watched.

So, when on Valentine Day Mr. Colgan walked into his room and saw Henry leaning from his desk and speaking, he became angry. The boys and girls, hearing their teacher enter, turned their heads toward him and when they beheld the expression written on his face they understood that all was not right.

Presently they heard the stern voice of their teacher.

“Stand up!”

Henry, somewhat frightened and ashamed, did so.

“You were talking. What have you to say for yourself?”

“Nothing,” Henry answered, respectfully.

The class looked on with benevolent sympathy, although they all felt that Henry was not in the right when he spoke, and that he should not have done it.

Mr. Colgan was doubly angry, since that very morning he had had occasion to reprimand another boy for that very offence. He determined now to stop the practice once for all.

“I have tried to treat you as a gentleman,” he said somewhat more mildly, “and you have taken advantage of my kindness. You have refused to be honest with yourself, or with your class, or with me. You have refused to behave as I thought you would. You have

shown yourself unworthy of my trust. I am very sorry."

"If you expect me to act as a watchman over you, you are very much in error. It is not my business to do that. It is my business to teach, and I will not tolerate a boy who needs a policeman to watch his actions. Henry, I'm very sorry you did this. I'm certain you did not mean or realize what you did."

The teacher paused. The class waited breathlessly to see what was coming next. Presently Mr. Colgan resumed.

"Henry, I intended to punish you. I've changed my mind. I'm not going to say another word about the affair. Please be seated."

Henry sat down and Mr. Colgan advanced to his desk, the eager eyes of the class following him. Upon the desk was something that had not been there before—a package. The teacher, surprised, opened it.

It was a beautiful box of valentine candy and placed neatly on the box was a card. When Mr. Colgan read it, it made him feel in a manner that he had never before felt. The card read:

"To My Valentine. From Henry."

It dawned upon him why Henry had spoken.

NERVES

It was just before noon that it came, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. He was at his desk writing a composition, when, unexpected, unheralded and unwelcome, it brought Henry's hand instantaneously to his cheek. A sharp, stinging, rasping, cutting, unmerciful pain shot electric-like through that part of his face and for the moment stunned him. He would have uttered a sound, but the presence of his teacher and classmates prevented it.

Just as quickly as it came, just so quickly it went. Henry waited. He halted his work and assumed a stop-look-and-listen attitude. He was suffering the pain of uncertainty and doubt. When would the second attack come? He wished it never would, but he had had his first toothache the previous week and knew what it meant.

When it came, would it be more serious than the first attack? He wondered. Would it last? He didn't know, but he was hoping and hoping hard.

He remained in an almost stationary position for three minutes, fearing to stir, lest by so doing the onslaught be somehow returned; the sleeping giant might again be led on its errand of torturous pain. Everything was quiet inside his mouth. It seemed to Henry too good to be true. Nothing happened. It must be true. Henry returned to his composition.

Then it happened. A new, racking pain shot lightning-like across his jaw. It ceased suddenly, but only for the moment, returning with increased fury. This time it lasted. Henry's lips closed, his teeth tightened

against each other, his hands twitched, his feet moved restlessly below. The pain was unbearable. He mumbled subdued sounds.

In wave-like motion the pains increased and flashed intermittently. Now they would grow in intensity, now diminish, only to reappear more furious than ever.

Henry suppressed his feelings somewhat, but he could not prevent tears from coming to his eyes. He lowered his head upon his arms.

At this moment Mr. Colgan noticed the unusual position of the boy. Feeling that all was not quite right, he came to Henry and put his hand on his shoulder. Just the second before, the toothache had been at its worst. Henry shuddered and looked into the eyes of his teacher, his own wet with tears.

"Toothache, Henry?" asked Mr. Colgan sympathetically.

"Yes, Mr. Colgan," barely muttered the boy.

"Stand, Henry, and let me see the tooth."

Henry did so, the pains decreasing somewhat.

"Open your mouth, Henry."

Henry opened it slightly, but the pains forced him to close it quickly.

"It will be all right, come, open it wide."

Meantime the eyes of all the boys and girls looked sorrowfully at Henry, seeming to suffer with him. They knew, as all children know, what a toothache meant.

Mr. Colgan peered into Henry's mouth and saw the tooth. A large cavity in the lower jaw was the cause of the trouble.

"All right, Henry, come with me," said Mr. Colgan gently.

Henry followed his teacher from the class-room into the room reserved for the school doctor. Here Mr. Colgan allayed the pain temporarily by soaking a small piece of absorbent cotton with oil of cloves and then plugging the hole in Henry's tooth with it. Gradually the pain ceased. Henry looked at his teacher with a multitude of thanks in his eyes. True he had always loved Mr. Colgan, but now he fairly worshipped him.

After school that afternoon Henry went to the dentist. His mother went with him. They were led into the waiting-room and each sat down. The dentist was busy.

Various thoughts moved rapidly in Henry's mind. This was a new experience for him. What would the dentist do? Would it pain him? Would he have to pull the tooth? If so, how would he do it? With a string, with a pincers or with what? Was the dentist a heartless man? Would he treat him rudely? Just what would he do? These were some of the thoughts that passed through his mind.

Suddenly he was aroused by a scream in the next room. Someone was going through what he was soon to experience. His heart sank. All his suspicions were confirmed. His head seemed heavy—the world became black before his eyes. He looked at his mother. She did not seem to be worried. In fact, she had quite forgotten Henry and his toothache, and was absorbed in one of the magazines, of which there was a plentiful supply on a table.

In a few minutes the door opened and the dentist came into the room. He shook hands with Henry's mother, patted Henry on the head and said some soothing words which Henry immediately forgot when he glanced through the open door into the next room. Everything he saw there was, to his eyes, an instrument designed for torture. And such a variety of pain-producing tools. Henry shuddered as his eyes went from one apparatus to the other.

Then it was that the boy changed. He determined to be brave. He was led to the operating chair, but not without another careful inspection of the instruments about him. Fear again began to creep into his heart.

Henry looked at the dentist. He appeared to be a kind man, but that did not reassure Henry much. The dentist examined the boy's mouth, located the tooth with a sharp-pointed instrument, which made Henry jump with pain when it touched the guilty tooth. Henry sat up, looked the dentist in the face and spoke.

"Will it hurt, Mr. Dentist?"

"No, my son, you will not feel it," replied the dentist in a pleasant voice.

Henry would have liked to believe him, but somehow he could not. Then the thought struck him that the dentist was going to pull his tooth. The idea sickened him. He saw pincers and blood and other things. He became desperate.

He looked at the dentist nervously and begged.

"Please, Mr. Dentist, don't pull it out, just fix it."

The dentist smiled.

In a few moments Henry was sound asleep. The dentist had given him gas. Soon he was dreaming.

He dreamed that he had been asleep and that he had just awakened. He dreamed that he was living in the country where he once had lived. Yawning, he tried to find out what time it was. It couldn't be morning, because his mother was making the evening meal.

"No," thought Henry, "it must be the afternoon." But where had he been? Certainly he had not stayed away from school, and it couldn't be Saturday, because the word "Thursday" glared in big red letters on the calendar on the wall. He was on the verge of asking his mother when she suddenly opened the back door and a gust of wind brought the moist sweet fragrance of the fields to him. Instantly he knew what had happened. It had rained terribly and torrentially and school had been dismissed for the afternoon.

Presently the tramp, tramp, tramp of his father's big boots he distinctly heard echoing across the meadows. He rushed through the open door, but his father was nowhere to be seen, only Mr. Smith and Fido could he see bringing the cows in from pasture. The dazzling sun to the west caught his young eyes and blinded him for the moment. He turned away. From the great variety of colors before him there gradually appeared the outline of a haywagon, and as he looked up he beheld the driver motioning to him. He had dropped his lash, and Henry ran to pick it up. His shoes sank in the muddy Mother Earth, and he could feel his stockings gradually becoming wet.

"That's a good boy," said the driver, throwing him

an inviting red apple. "Would you like to have a ride?"

Forgetting about his father and the roasted chicken which his mother was preparing, and enthused only by the thought of a triumphal ride high up on the wagon, he nodded yes and shyly climbed up.

They had ridden for about two hours; the sun had set and the heavy blanket of evening fell and gradually dimmed all objects about them. On his left Henry thought he saw an old, dilapidated farm house, and as he drew nearer he found that he was right. From the growing darkness it now stood forth, and as his eyes glanced by the attic window they were arrested by something he knew not what. He felt his skin creeping and a cold sensation ran through the entire length of his body.

"Ghosts!" he whimpered and leaned with timid eyes to the driver for protection.

Interested in other things until now, Henry had failed to notice that the driver had not said one word to him since he had climbed on the wagon. His whole attitude was now strange and unnatural. He gazed straight ahead, his eyes and mouth wide open and did not stir. Henry shrank from him and tried to make himself inconspicuous.

The road was full of ruts, but as the wagon passed over them it did not jar. The very horses themselves were stilted; their heads did not move and their legs worked like those of a toy.

As Henry stared at the driver the man slowly turned his head, smiled in a way that Henry could not understand and then returned to his former posture. His

face suddenly became sort of yellowish and his eyes somewhat greenish-yellow. They bulged forth from their sockets and their emptiness struck terror within him.

Despite the ghosts in the rear Henry thought that he would jump from the wagon and run back, but as he looked down the ground seemed to be at least twenty feet away. No hopes seemed left to him, and he was about to resign himself to despair.

Suddenly he beheld a shadow lurking in the foreground. It was approaching them and they it. Help had surely come, and as the figure drew nearer he uttered a shout of tremendous joy.

"Father! Father!" he cried, for sure enough, there was father coming down the mud-soaked road. Henry cried to him and motioned wildly to him. At last his father looked up. He had seen Henry. Here a strange circumstance happened. He looked up at Henry with the same empty smile with which the horrible creature beside him had terrified him but the moment before.

Then he passed on. In another moment he was out of sight.

For the moment Henry lost his thoughts. When he came to he felt a heavy pressure in his head. The lining of his mouth and throat seemed to crack from lack of moisture, and his heart was wreathed in indescribable agony at the thought of his father.

Henry looked for a while straight ahead, caring little of what would next befall him, when lo! There suddenly appeared from the dense darkness before them a great, dark ditch. Henry tried to warn the

man beside him, but he looked straight ahead and did not heed him. The weird, mechanical steeds increased their speed. Henry uttered something, he knew not what, and lost his senses.

When he awoke, they were falling at a dizzy speed; the horses and wagon were upright, and only straight, high walls could he see about him. The strange man beside him was still sitting on the seat, looking straight ahead, when suddenly he turned, stared at Henry searchingly and menacingly, and then with his cold, bony hands seized him by the collar. Henry shrieked and then leaped from his seat. As he fell he caught a glimpse of the bottom. What he saw can never be described. He lost consciousness and his torture ceased.

The bright daylight dazzled him for a moment. Before him was a great window. The roofs of the distant houses gradually became clearer. From the rear a rather chuckling voice said, "My! What a brave little chap and how well he stood the gas!" It was the dentist.

He leaned forward and Henry could see him clearly. He was dressed all in white and in his hand he held a giant of a tooth. A curious sensation grew in Henry's mouth when he started to speak—it was the cavity left by the tooth.

"My!" thought he, "that's the ditch down which we went."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

Carrie's birthday party was but a week hence. As yet Henry had not been invited. This despite the fact that James and Harry and several other of his friends had already received, and were proudly showing their invitations. At first, Henry was inclined to believe that perhaps the invitation had been delayed somewhere in the mails. However, when several days had passed and still no letter had arrived, this thought left him and he concluded that perhaps the letter had been incorrectly addressed, but when he recollected how well Carrie knew his address this belief could no longer hold.

Certainly he was deeply disappointed. Had Carrie purposely omitted him? Had she meant to slight him? A strange feeling gathered force in the region of Henry's heart. It was the sum total of his deep disappointment, his hurt pride, and the collapse of his dreams of friendship which he had hoped Carrie would ever bear toward him.

He would hear the boys and the girls at recess discussing the coming party and the gifts they were buying for Carrie, and Henry, hearing them, could not remain near, for he suffered pain and would slip unnoticed from the groups of youngsters.

Being alone, however, offered him no relief, but seemed to increase his dismay. He was a sorry boy; sorry that she had not invited him to her party.

Two days before the party Henry's mood had grown sullen and angry. His chagrin was becoming unbearable. Whenever that day in school he thought that Carrie was not looking he would gaze at her, partly in

anger, partly in disappointment and partly in admiration.

At recess time he had gone into a far corner of the yard. He wanted to be alone. He gazed down the street, apparently looking at everything, but actually seeing nothing. Picture his surprise, therefore, when a gentle tap at his shoulder interrupted his mental wanderings and he beheld, as he moved his eyes, none other than Carrie herself. She was smiling sweetly.

For a moment the whole world seemed to turn topsy-turvy, but the situation gradually cleared.

"Carrie," Henry half muttered with intense surprise. All harsh feelings toward her had left him. He was himself again.

"Henry, you are coming to the party, aren't you?" she spoke clearly and in a soft voice.

Henry thought for a moment, trying to fathom why he had not received the invitation. Failing in this he realized that some place, somewhere, something had gone wrong, and that Carrie was not to blame, and that apparently she did not even know that he had not received an invitation. But she had come to him and asked him personally, and certainly that was as good, if not better, than a written invitation. So Henry replied, "I'll try to be there, Carrie. Thank you very much."

"Please do, Henry. I shall be very sorry if you are not there."

She smiled at him pleasantly and in another moment she skipped away somewhere in the throngs of happy youngsters.

All the admiration, all the respect, all the high feelings which Henry had once borne for her, returned to him. She was once again his idol and ideal.

Henry went home that afternoon happy and cheerful of heart. The world was no longer a dismal place. Rather, it was the cheeriest world that Henry could imagine. When he reached home he was further cheered because his mother gave him the long awaited invitation. She had received it several days ago and had put it away to give to him when he should return from school. However, under the stress of her housework, she had temporarily forgotten about it, and had she not accidentally found it that day, it would have been completely forgotten until, perhaps, sometime after the party.

The day of the party came. Henry went to school. The time there seemed to drag and drag. He wished it was closing time, and he wished this often. After he had waited what seemed to him an unusually long time, school was dismissed. He hurried home, and dressed for the evening in his best clothes, and again waited impatiently for the time to fly so that the party might begin. However, it was still early and the affair was yet several hours hence.

Uneasy and restless, he could remain in the house no longer. So he took himself to the vacant lot where his companions were accustomed to assemble at that time, and where they played and screamed and chatted

each with the other, and did the numerous things that the average boy does when he is with his playmates on a vacant lot.

There Henry saw Harry and as he looked more attentively his eyes opened widely, for Harry was busy in doing something which he had never before done.

He was smoking.

Henry walked to him, his mouth and eyes opened wide, wondering. They exchanged a few words with each other. What they said none but they themselves know. What is known, however, is that within a few minutes Henry, too, for the first time in his life, was proudly smoking a cigarette. When one cigarette was entirely consumed Harry gave him another, and he lit that.

Then came signs that all was not well. He grew dizzy; a peculiar taste, and an unusual uncomfortable feeling he experienced, much like that of seasickness.

Before many moments he was on his way home, a sick boy. And the party was to be held that night! When that thought came to him, it made him still worse. He was sorry, truly sorry, that he had touched the cigarette, and he determined, there and then, that he would never touch another.

He drank some water. It seemed to relieve him somewhat. In a short time the ill feeling entirely disappeared.

Henry was overjoyed.

Time came for the party and Henry went.

Picture the wonderful time he had. All his friends were there, including Harry. And never did Carrie

appear to Henry as she did that night. It was hard for him to remove his eyes from her.

The boys and girls were extremely jolly. They played games, they sang, they told jokes and had ice cream, cakes and nuts. Everyone agreed that they had had a very enjoyable time and when the party was nearing its end, Carrie's mother and father came in to bid the boys and girls "good-bye."

It was then that something occurred that made Henry feel a trifle sorry.

Harry, it appears, wishing to draw his handkerchief from his pocket, accidentally pulled with it the package of cigarettes which happened to be in the same pocket, and before the astonished eyes of all it lay on the floor. Stooping guiltily, he removed it and replaced it in his pocket.

Everyone had seen. Of that there was no doubt.

Certainly it seemed that never again would Harry be in the good graces of Carrie's parents and the assembled boys and girls. Henry felt sorry for him, but he was mighty glad that he himself had not had the cigarettes in his pocket. That, indeed, would have been a tragedy.

He said farewell to all and in a short time was safely home.

He was a happy boy and prayed longer than usual that night. The evening was cold. The covers were warm, but he did not sleep well. Harry's misfortune troubled him.

A few days later Carrie's parents received the following letter from Henry:

"It seems that I must write to you and confess that I, too, smoked cigarettes on the day of the party. I had meant to say nothing about it, but could not since I was equally as guilty as Harry and he was receiving all the punishment of shame. I spoke to Harry today and we decided to ask you to forgive us, since it was our first offense."

As a result of this letter another party was arranged for Carrie and her friends, and, needless to say, both boys were there.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

Never had so many things happened to Henry at one time. To begin with, his work in Arithmetic at school in the morning had been very poor. Mr. Colgan had spoken to him about it. Moreover, he had been unfortunate enough to fall into a puddle of water on his way to school, almost ruining his new suit and in addition losing a half dollar that he had had in his pocket and which he had taken great pains to save.

He also had forgotten to go to the bank at noon hour for his father and it was too late when he remembered it. To make matters worse he forgot himself in the afternoon, and talked in class, for which offence he was severely upbraided by Mr. Colgan. As he was passing out of his room he again, without thinking, spoke, and was on that account detained after school for quite a time.

On his way home he met some of his friends. They asked him if he would like to play in a game of baseball with them. Liking baseball as he did, Henry at once agreed. Instead of playing in the vacant lot as they usually did, they played on one of the side streets near his home. This was because other teams had already taken the space in the vacant lot before they had arrived.

Nevertheless, Henry and his companions enjoyed themselves considerably, at least, until the seventh inning. It was then that something happened that changed their pleasure and enjoyment to worry. This was especially true with Henry.

It was his turn to bat. He stood bravely before the

plate and awaited the ball which was being maneuvered in the pitcher's hands. He swung his bat back and forth gracefully and expectantly. Presently, the pitcher moved. He circled his arms over his head conspicuously and then heaved his arm forward. The ball left.

On, on, it came.

Henry saw it approaching at a remarkable speed and swung his best. The first thing he knew was the heavy impact of the bat against the ball. He had hit. Almost instinctively he started to run with all speed around the bases while the cheering voices of his teammates kept urging him on, screaming that he should make a home run. Henry ran, and ran, and ran. He was well towards first base when suddenly he was brought to a halt. There was the crash of glass.

The cheering stopped. The movements of the players stopped. Everything stopped, and all eyes moved of themselves up the street. The boys did not have to ask what the trouble was. They had experienced similar incidents before.

Henry's ball had gone clean through a window. It was a very bad circumstance in itself and of very serious consequence. But when clearer thoughts returned to all and especially to Henry, dismay and worry increased beyond all bounds. This was because that particular window belonged to the house in which dwelt none other than Police Officer Maguire himself.

Nobody had to look twice. A second later the players scattered helter-skelter in all directions in their eagerness not to be recognized.

Henry ran home. Truly, he was an unfortunate boy. And certainly it had been a very discouraging day for him. He was very downcast and very much worried. He pictured himself behind the bars in a lonely cell, living on bread and water, disgraced and abandoned by his friends.

For some reason he feared to tell his mother and father of what he had done. Perhaps it was because he still had the slight hope that Officer Maguire would not find out who did it and thus he might escape punishment.

He went up to his room and tried to do his lessons for the morrow, but try as he would, he could not. His thoughts could not rest on books. They were in other places. Presently, footsteps sounded on his front porch. His heart leaped wildly. He ran tiptoe to his door and listened nervously. In a moment he was relieved. It was his sister. He listened further. She did not seem to know of the broken window because she did not mention it while he listened.

He ran quietly to his bed and lay down. He did not cry but he felt as though he would like to. He fell asleep, but awoke in a short time.

It was already dark. So he quietly walked downstairs and took his place at the dinner table. Apparently no one suspected anything as yet. His father had not yet arrived and, of course, he wouldn't know. Henry felt a little easier.

Soon his father did come. Shortly after, dinner was served. Henry did not eat as much as usual. The reason was plain. In the evening Henry remained in-

doors and appeared to work studiously at his lessons.

He stopped abruptly, and again his heart beat wildly. Footsteps again on the porch! This time it must surely be the officer, he thought. What a surprise when in walked his uncle John—he whom Henry had not seen for four years.

What happened during the next hour or two can well be imagined. Henry was alternately thrilled by the presence of his uncle and thrown into depths of despair by the thought of Officer Maguire. At any rate, before the evening was over Henry was the owner of a new five dollar bill—a present from his uncle.

Then it was that Henry's mind began to work feverishly. It was not long before a plan came to his mind. He put on his coat and cap and left the house while the folks were busy with their tea.

A few moments later he was at Officer Maguire's house. He explained the whole situation and offered to pay for the window. Officer Maguire listened carefully and told Henry that the window would cost a dollar to replace. Henry gave him his five dollar bill. Officer Maguire gave him the change. He smiled broadly as he did so. He told Henry not to worry and that everything would be all right. He suggested, however, that the next time he should use more discretion and play in places where such an accident could not occur.

Henry told him how sorry he was and promised to do as the officer said.

How surprised and happy he was when, as he was bidding good-bye, Mr. Maguire shook hands with him.

He was indeed glad that he had corrected his mistake in a manly way.

Henry left, a much wiser boy.

A TOUCH OF NATURE

It was in the park on a Sunday afternoon of a day in May. The air was balmy, the sky soothingly blue, and the grass a rich green. Crickets hummed their never ceasing conversation in song; bees buzzed busily overhead; many-colored butterflies fluttered aimlessly in their zig-zag course; grass-hoppers frisked about fearlessly; the dragon-fly swooped hesitatingly; birds flew gracefully here and there, singly and in flocks; tall grass waved gently in the quiet wind; streams trickled harmonious sounds; giant trees, aged by decades of sun and storm, seemed to be lifting their glory to the heavens in everlasting prayer, and older folks walked happily, arm in arm, down sun-lit paths, and children laughed and screamed and jumped and skipped, and ran and sat and sang and played.

Of this happy throng of youth there were two who trod unused paths and climbed carefully uphill and slid carelessly down, and forded creeks and jumped fences.

They were Henry and his friend Harry. One could have noticed that they stopped occasionally, picked up a flower or a spray of leaves and pressed them carefully in a book that each carried.

Presently, Henry broke off a large spray of wax-like leaves. It was certainly beautiful, and Mr. Colgan, Henry thought, would be happy to receive it, for he had asked his class to bring sprays of leaves or flowers to school if by chance any of the pupils should happen to be in the park over the week-end. This is why Henry and Harry were searching for choice sprays.

The day passed. It was growing late. The boys decided it was time to retrace their steps and return home. This they did.

When they reached home they were tired and hungry, but happy, and satisfied that they had enjoyed the day.

Monday came. Henry took the spray from the vase into which he had placed it so carefully the evening before, and went to school. He pictured his teacher thanking him, in appreciation for the spray. He thought of the lesson in painting that the class would have with it in the afternoon.

School commenced. Henry, as soon as he had taken his seat, immediately left it, spray in hand, and advanced eagerly to the front of the room, holding the spray high over the heads of the boys and girls.

Mr. Colgan looked pleasantly at Henry and lifted his arms to receive it. He looked at it and suddenly stopped.

He examined it more carefully, his face reddened slightly and he exclaimed quickly:

“Drop it, Henry—quickly!”

Henry was surprised, but he obeyed. He looked at his teacher—then at the spray, which was now in the waste basket. Then he again lifted his eyes to his teacher. Mr. Colgan was looking at him and smiling. The eyes of all the class were watching both eagerly.

All waited for the teacher to speak.

“It’s poison ivy,” he said.

Henry’s face became as red as fire. He was frightened. He looked at his arms for signs of the dreaded

ivy. There were none. His skin was clear, but there was no telling when the symptoms might appear.

Henry returned to his seat and began to worry.

BLOTTED

Perhaps Henry had never made a prettier drawing. Never had he been more careful. Little wonder that he gazed at his work with a sense of pride and satisfaction. Perhaps too, there was a special reason why Henry had been so painstaking on this particular day. Mr. Colgan had so rearranged the seating of the boys and girls that Carrie was now sitting directly in front of him.

The thought that she might, at any moment, turn and examine his work was in itself sufficient spur to make him do it very, very well. Not for one moment would he have her think that he was careless, particularly in drawing. No boy wants to have himself considered slovenly in drawing, especially when it is to be painted with water colors. Henry's drawing was to be painted with water colors.

Accordingly, when he had completed the outline of the spray of flowers that he had sketched, he prepared his paints and carefully placed the little water jar at the top of his desk. It was from this container that he secured his supply of water for his brush whenever necessary. He mixed his paints most painstakingly. He was ready to paint.

Slowly he moved his brush over the drawing. He would make a masterpiece. He would put his utmost efforts in making something that was worth while. Mr. Colgan came down the aisles and examined the drawings. Soon he was at Henry's desk. He stopped and looked at the drawing as though he had never seen such work from Henry, even though he always did

such fine work. But this was much better than he had ever done. It was much better than any he had seen so far in that class. He remained at Henry's side longer than usually and watched him as the boy deftly moved his brush.

"Very fine, Henry," he said, as he moved away from the boy's desk.

Although Henry had felt, himself, that his work this day was much better than usual, he was very much pleased to hear it from the lips of his teacher. He was more than gratified when he thought that Carrie must certainly have heard what Mr. Colgan had said. He waited for her to turn around and look at his work. He was not disappointed. Presently she did turn and glanced bashfully at it, and then turned hastily back to her former position, blushing slightly. She, too, was admiring the work that Henry was doing.

For the next twenty minutes Henry labored with the utmost care. Gradually his drawing neared completion. He held it at arms length and gazed at it. Mr. Colgan saw him do this and asked him to take it to the front of the class and show it to the boys and girls.

Henry rose and went to the front of the room and held it as he was directed. The class looked at it in genuine appreciation. Then Henry took his seat. He began to complete it.

Carrie, who was somewhat of an artist herself, could not resist examining the drawing at close range. Slowly she turned, said not a word, and looked at it with much interest. She seemed, this time, to examine

it carefully. Suddenly, she stopped when she saw that Henry had ceased his work and was looking at her. When their eyes met each experienced feelings of shyness, and Carrie began to turn around. As she did so her elbow moved the reservoir. The water was discolored by the brush which Henry had occasionally dipped into it.

The container trembled hesitatingly for a second and then toppled over.

A tragedy was the result. Henry's masterpiece was blotted and stained beyond repair. It would be impossible to picture the feelings of the boy at that moment. When his excitement had abated somewhat, he saw that the eyes of all the class were upon him, and that Mr. Colgan, too, was looking at him. He collected his thoughts. He removed a blotter from his desk, noticing while he was doing this that some of the paints had even gotten on his clothes.

He looked at Carrie. She was red as fire. Mr. Colgan walked down to him, his face almost rigid with astonishment. He looked at Henry, then at his drawing. It was no longer the masterpiece it had been. His expression changed to one of sympathy.

"How did that happen, Henry?" he asked kindly.

"The water toppled over accidentally," he replied.

"I see," said Mr. Colgan, "I'm very sorry."

Nothing more was said about the matter by anyone until after school. Of course Henry was very, very disappointed at the sudden turn of affairs, but he harbored no ill feelings towards Carrie. He was very glad that he had not laid the blame on her.

After school, Carrie stopped him, to his intense surprise.

"Henry, please forgive me. I didn't mean to do it, and it was so very pretty."

"I have nothing to forgive," replied Henry.

Carrie smiled pleasantly and admiringly.

"Will you let me keep the drawing as a remembrance then?" she asked.

What Henry replied no one knows, but if any one could have seen him at that moment, he would have noticed that he searched his books impatiently and finally finding what he wanted, gave it to Carrie. She looked at it with mingled feelings and Henry looked at her in the same way.

A BIT OF STRATEGY

Every school has its bully. And, of course, the school which Henry attended was no exception. His name was Gregory Limestone. He was a big boy, larger than he should have been for his age. He was the usual type of bully. He avoided arguments with boys of his own size and seldom associated with them. He sought out those boys who were a head under his size and tried to terrorize them by force of physical might.

Usually he was successful. Occasionally he would make a mistake. Unknowingly, he would intimidate a boy who had a bigger brother. When this happened, the older brother was apt to look for him, and he would stop his attacks for a time. But only for a time. He never had been given a beating that would have made a lasting impression on him.

One day he ran into Henry, who unfortunately happened to be in his way while he was running in the schoolyard. They exchanged words. Perhaps Gregory Limestone would have chastised him then and there but he was ever careful not to make his attack in the yard of the school. He always waited until after the dismissal. Then he would follow his victim after having lain in wait for him.

Henry heard him boast that he would get him after school. That was what worried Henry. He knew that Gregory Limestone would do as he said. He knew, moreover, that he himself had no older brother to protect him. Perhaps he could rely on his friend Harry and one or two of his other schoolmates for protection,

if he would tell them his troubles. This he felt ashamed to do. He feared that they might think him cowardly and afraid.

He knew that he was not a coward, but he did know that he was no match for the superior might of Gregory Limestone, and that it would be fool-hardy to meet with him in combat. There wasn't the shade of a chance of him coming through such a fight in any manner except with a very severe beating.

Truth to tell, he didn't even fear that as much as the glory that Gregory Limestone would gain from the fight. He determined forthwith that he would not give him the opportunity to beat him up.

Try as he would during the afternoon session of school to evolve a plan to escape him on his way home, he could not. The matter worried him considerably and he could not give proper attention to his work. Dismissal time was rapidly drawing near.

Suddenly a thought struck him.

Henry remembered that it was the custom of Mr. Colgan to pass his house on his way home, when school was dismissed for the day. Henry waited. The school session closed, and Henry, with his class, passed out. Henry, however, did not leave the schoolyard. He searched through the throngs outside for Gregory Limestone, and saw through the iron rails of the school fence, that he was waiting at the corner. Gregory had seen him first.

Perhaps five minutes passed. Most of the pupils were on their way home and away from the school. Presently, Henry walked boldly out of the schoolyard.

and right in the direction of Gregory Limestone. But Gregory Limestone did not approach him. He knew better, for not ten yards in back of Henry was Mr. Colgan, on his way home.

It was just as Henry had calculated. He appeared not to notice Mr. Colgan, but actually he had one eye on his teacher and one eye on the boy who was waiting the opportunity to attack him. Henry feared, for a moment, that Mr. Colgan might take a different route that afternoon and was overjoyed when he did not. He proceeded as always. The boy anticipating and keeping well in front of Henry, was hoping all the time that Mr. Colgan would change his way.

Presently, something very unfortunate happened to Henry. Mr. Colgan suddenly turned about and retraced his steps in the direction of the school. Evidently, he had forgotten something. A familiar feeling grew in the region of Henry's heart. It increased wildly when he beheld Gregory Limestone approaching. There was only one resource left to him and that was his legs. He didn't feel very confident of them. He knew that the other boy was a very fast runner. Moreover, he was handicapped with the books in his arms. They seemed heavier than ever.

Then fortune changed again. From around the corner Henry spied Officer Maguire. He thought for a moment. A second later he ran to him with all speed.

Gregory Limestone saw. Presently he ran with all his might in an opposite direction, thinking that Henry was going to tell the officer about him.

Henry, however, had no such thought. He wanted to make the bully think, that that was what he was going to do. He ceased running and walked as he approached the officer. Then he spoke to him.

"Mr. Maguire, did you get the window fixed all right?"

"Yes, sonny, I did."

As the police officer spoke he patted Henry on the shoulder. At that moment Gregory Limestone happened to turn around. He saw the policeman pat Henry on the back.

That was the end of the affair. He never disturbed Henry any more.

UNINTENTIONAL GUILT

Even the person who is not a book lover is, for some reason, attracted by a new book. No matter what it may be about, he experiences a peculiar desire to open it and glance through its pages. Oft-times he feels, in a subconscious sort of way, that it may contain hidden treasures which may unfold to him if he but opens and turns its leaves. With the book lover this desire to examine a new book is especially marked.

Henry was just such a boy. He made frequent trips to the library and while there he would often pick up a book, whose title was absolutely foreign to him, and eagerly turn its pages. If the book was brand new, he experienced a special pleasure, and was thrilled by the pictures it contained.

Often, in school, his eyes would open a trifle wider and his ears would become keener, when he saw Mr. Colgan advance to read from a new book. As it was with Henry, so it was with all the other boys and girls in the class.

One day, the class was agreeably surprised when Mr. Colgan announced that he had secured a set of new readers for the class. The boys and girls waited impatiently for them to arrive, wondering in the meantime what the color of the books might be. When they came they were pleased beyond expectation. It was a set of bright red books, thicker than most of the readers that they had seen. Certainly, they thought, their pages must be filled with good stories and new ones, too.

They were not disappointed when they were dis-

tributed to the class. Each opened the book neatly and carefully. Mr. Colgan gave them a few moments to look through the pages. This they did eagerly, glancing longer than usual at the pictures. These seemed to fascinate them particularly.

Soon they were reading to their hearts' content. Never did they give better and closer attention to the lesson than during that half hour and never did they enjoy themselves more. Henry wished that he had a whole library of books like them. He thought that he would do nothing but read and read and read.

The boys and girls wished that Mr. Colgan would allow them to take the book home, just as he did with their histories, but in this they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. Colgan explained that he would like very much to have the books taken home, but that since the books were meant to be used only as readers, in school, to be read each week, he would defeat their purpose if he should permit them to be taken home and read at one time. He explained further that more good would come if they were read under his supervision. Moreover, he told them that the books were meant to last a very long time and that they would soon wear out if they were carried back and forth to school. In such an event the boys and girls, who were yet to come to his class, would not be able to enjoy them.

For these reasons he asked the boys and girls not to take them home, but to keep them under their desks. In fact, he told them that he would become very angry if anyone should violate his request and take the book

to his house. Apparently, it was unnecessary for Mr. Colgan to tell this to the class, since they all appeared satisfied that it was the best plan to preserve the books as long as possible so that their younger brothers might have them to enjoy when they reached Mr. Colgan's room.

The next day the class again read from the books and were more delighted than ever with them. That afternoon as Henry was on his way home with his friend Harry, he suddenly stopped short when he accidentally happened to look at his books. There was one of the red readers among them. He had mistaken it, somehow, for his physiology. With an unusually guilty feeling he looked at Harry.

He seemed not to notice Henry's predicament and for the moment Henry debated in his mind whether or not he should tell Harry about it. Finally he reached the conclusion that it was best not to. He wasn't quite certain whether Harry had noticed it or not. He thought, perhaps, that he might have seen it and was keeping quiet about it. Then again when he looked carefully at him he felt somewhat at ease. He seemed not yet to be aware of it.

Harry was surprised presently when Henry asked him to hurry as he wanted to get home quickly as he could, giving the excuse that he wanted to do his lessons immediately, so that he could have more time to play, without having them on his mind. Harry agreed, and Henry, concealing his books under his arms as much as possible, and wishing, all the journey home, that Harry would not see, soon found himself at the

steps of his abode.

Here, the pair parted, and Henry hastened into the house. There his worries started anew. He considered what he should do. If he should return to school with the book in the morning he would most likely be seen, and, of course, thought he, the explanation that he would give, would be laughed at and would make his teacher all the more angry. All afternoon he was tormented with fleeting thoughts and suggestions. As soon as one idea came to his mind he would drop it as being unwise. The thought even came to him that he might come to school very early, long before anyone had yet arrived, and replace the book in his desk. But the difficulty with that was that he would be questioned by the janitor, and he knew that he would not be able to explain his presence satisfactorily to him.

All evening he was restless and worried, and all through the course of his sleep he dreamed about the book. Certainly he was a very unhappy boy. About four o'clock in the morning he awoke with a start. He had dreamed that he was in the library and that he had taken three books from the shelves and had unknowingly attempted to walk out without having them registered. He had been seen by the uniformed attendant and the latter had summoned a policeman. The policeman had come and had questioned him. Henry tried to explain that it was all unintentional, but try as he would he could not speak to the officer. Something had gone wrong with his voice. He tried to yell his words at the policeman, but could not utter a single sound. He tried to scream and could not.

The officer looked amazedly at him and rudely took him by the shoulder. At that point Henry had awakened with a start. He was more worried than he had ever been. He made his mind up, there and then, that he would decide what was best to do, at once, come what might.

The room was dark, and only the pale light of the moon made objects barely recognizable. He thought and thought and then remembered his experience with Officer Maguire. Suddenly a happy thought came to him. He would go to school as usual in the morning and tell Mr. Colgan everything, exactly as it had happened. He thought that, even though his teacher might not believe him, and that he might be punished it would be the best plan to follow. He would hope and pray that Mr. Colgan would believe him. He went to sleep, and slept soundly the rest of the night.

Away he went to school in the morning with a lighter heart. Of course, he was still worried and nervous, but not as he had been the day before and during the night. In a short time he was in line. Here it was that some of his classmates noticed that he was carrying the book. Henry, however, was not unduly worried on that account. He had thought, that that would happen. He said nothing, however, to the questions that were in the eyes of those who saw it.

Once inside the class-room, he raised his hand, and on being recognized by Mr. Colgan, he advanced to his desk. There he told Mr. Colgan in a straightforward manner just what had happened. Mr. Colgan looked at him carefully, but not sternly, for a moment. Then

he spoke. His voice was loud enough for the boys and girls to hear.

“Henry, you have never given me cause to doubt your word. Therefore, I believe you. You may go to your seat and forget about it.”

Henry returned to his seat, and all that morning he thought, not of books, but of his teacher.

TIT FOR TAT

Not for a long time had Henry seen his cousin John. He met him one Saturday afternoon in the park. It was not long before they were talking about school matters and soon they were in a heated argument.

"Our school is the best in the city," proudly said his cousin.

"Ours is," retorted Henry loyally.

"We have white marble steps and you don't," replied John.

"You might have marble steps, but we have a cement yard and you do not," rejoined Henry.

"That's nothing, our school is named after Patrick Henry." John felt certain now that he had scored a winning point. He looked victoriously at his cousin.

"Isn't ours named after Betsy Ross? She made the flag."

"Maybe it is, but your school only has up to the sixth grade, while ours has up to the eighth." Again John looked victoriously at his cousin.

"What if it has? That doesn't mean anything." Henry was quite earnest now and wanted to convince his cousin that his was the better school. "You don't know," he continued, "do you, that our school beat all other schools in the city relay race last year? Remember that, do you?"

"Yes, but didn't our school sell more Liberty Bonds than yours?" John was now slightly peeved that Henry should doubt that his school was the best in

the city.

"Do you know that our school was only built four years ago and is newer than yours?" he asked with intense excitement.

"Of course, it is, but that's nothing. Ours is the oldest in the city. It was built during the Civil War. Now, what do you say about that?"

"Listen, Henry, I don't want to argue with you about your school, because I know that ours is much better. Why our school even has telephones in every room. Yours hasn't, has it?"

Henry now was becoming enthusiastic about his school. He would show and prove to his cousin once for all that no school could compare with his.

"What are telephones? Doesn't our school stand on a main street? Yours doesn't."

"I don't care where it stands," angrily answered John. "What's that got to do with it? If your school stands on the main street it's noisier than ours because all the wagons and things pass by it."

It was Henry's turn.

"John, do you know that we have a magic lantern in our school and we have pictures shown every week? Pictures of China, Japan, India and Africa."

"Yes, but our school has an auditorium, and we have plays and entertainments. That's what your school doesn't have. Now, what do you say about that?"

"I don't say anything about that, except that you can get along very nicely without one. We do, and we all have a very good time in school."

"Now, I don't want to argue with you, Henry, because I don't have to argue with you about which is the better school. Everyone knows that ours is. Now, let that be the end of that."

"I don't know it," replied Henry, "and you'll have to prove it to me. Everybody knows that ours is best and I've proved it to you, haven't I?"

"No, you haven't. Your school doesn't have drinking fountains. Ours has."

"Maybe so, John, but we get drinks just the same."

"And look at our school colors," said John. "Blue and white. That's the color of the high school."

"And isn't ours the same color as the city's? Blue and yellow?"

"Now, listen to me, Henry, I've done telling you about our school. If you don't believe ours is better you don't have to, and that's all there is to it."

"You don't have to get angry about it. You haven't proved it to me and I don't believe it is as good as ours. I'll tell you what we'll do. You see that policeman there? Well, we'll go and ask him which is better. What do you say about that?"

Henry never believed that his cousin would say yes. He believed that the idea would make him afraid. It did, but John thought that if he said yes, Henry would back down. Unfortunately Henry didn't. There was little left to do but approach the policeman. As they neared him they both lost heart. Both stopped.

"Go on," said John, "are you scared?"

"I didn't stop, you did," replied Henry.

Both now walked straight up to the officer.

"Mister," said Henry, when he saw that John did not mean to speak, "which school is better, the Betsey Ross or the Henry? Please tell us."

The puzzled policeman looked at both of the boys who were standing nervously before him and smiled.

"Well, my boys, I went to the Betsy Ross School, although it wasn't called that in my days, and I think that it's a first rate school. My daughter is a teacher in the Henry School, and she says that that's a first-rate school, too, so I think that they are both very good."

The boys thanked him politely and walked away. As soon as they were out of hearing distance, John spoke.

"See, I told you. He even has his daughter teaching in our school. She wouldn't teach there if it wasn't the best."

"John, I'm not going to say any more, because you just won't listen to reason. Didn't you hear him say with his own mouth that he used to go to our school and thought it was a first-rate school?"

When last seen the two boys were walking out of the park still arguing the merits of the two schools, and each firmly convinced that his was better.

SILENT NIGHT

One evening Henry's mother, father and sister were visiting and Henry was the only one at home. He looked at the clock. Ten. It was time to go to bed, thought he, and so to bed he went. It was a warm, moonless night. Before he pulled the covers over himself he looked at the sky through the window. It seemed heavily laden with clouds, because he could see no stars. Only the dense darkness of the night could he see. There was also a stillness that was very unusual.

For a moment the blackness of the night and the tense quiet were but passing thoughts in Henry's mind. His thoughts were elsewhere. But in a few moments that very darkness and quiet meant fear and terror to him. This was very unusual, because Henry was not easily scared and he was not a coward by any means. Slowly the darkness seemed to shape itself in horrid forms. Henry's heart beat wildly. There was a great, curiously shaped, dark mass coming through the window right towards him. It seemed to have big, ugly arms, and these seemed reaching towards him. Instinctively he ducked his head under the covers and waited for the moment when he would be seized in the clutches of the monster. He shivered from head to foot and had terrible pains in the head.

Nothing happened, but the very fact that nothing happened made Henry feel all the worse, for he pictured in his troubled mind the giant mass hovering over his head, looking laughingly at his helplessness. His heart sank into deeper depths, and despair crept

over him on all sides. Then courage came to him. Reason conquered fear. He had not been harmed by the monster and he began to believe that there was no monster after all, but that everything was due to his imagination, which he thought was playing tricks with him.

He threw his covers off his head with the speed of lightning. He looked around him. Nothing was in the room. This fact made him feel confident and he lost every evidence of fear. He sat up in his bed and laughed at himself. Certainly, thought he, he had been very foolish to let his imagination run wild as it had done.

His thoughts were interrupted abruptly. Noises came to his ears, as though one were moving through the shrubbery below his window. He sat upright in his bed and listened, every nerve of his body tense. Elements of fear began to creep over him and to undermine his confidence. Not for a moment did he cease listening. But when a long time had passed and nothing had happened, he began to feel easier and his courage again returned. This time, with increased strength, he resolved that once for all he would be a man and fear nothing. At the same time, however, he wished that his father and mother would return. He even wished that Harry were there to keep him company. Then he would have fun, he thought.

To make certain that all fear had left him and that he had complete control over himself, he crept boldly from his bed and to the window. He looked out. A cold

shiver ran through the entire length of his body. The very darkness of the ground below scared him, but only momentarily. He remembered what he had decided to do, and he thought that this would be a good test to see if he couldn't control his imagination.

He put his head once more out of the window and looked searchingly below. True, he felt a little creepy but he resolved to see it through. Gradually objects began to define themselves below. He looked vainly for anything suspicious, and more confident than ever that he was not, and would not again be, scared, he returned to bed and started to sleep.

In a few seconds he was awake again with the old fear in him. A strange knock resounded through his room. It seemed to come from the next room. That was his sister's room. He listened carefully. It sounded again. He sat up bravely. His fear left him. He arose from his bed and approached on tiptoe to the door of the next room. He bent his head to the keyhole and listened. He was close to the electric switch. It controlled the lights of his room. He considered for a moment whether it would be wise for him to push the button and decided that it wasn't.

Presently, he remembered that the switch that controlled the lights in the next room was on the wall close to the door. But he thought that it would be very foolhardy to open the door and push the button. He was thinking what was best to do and was not a bit afraid. Then a plan came to him.

He walked silently to the open window and then in a loud, clear voice spoke.

"Yes, he's in the room next to this one. He can't get out from this door because I'm here waiting for him. Station your men in front and back, and send two up the steps. We've got him now."

Then he became quiet and advanced to the switch and threw on the lights. He was confident that he had made a master move.

"Now, come out!" he commanded in a steady voice. He never stopped to realize what he would do if anyone should come out. But his spirits were high and he was enjoying being brave. He waited. Nothing happened and no one came out. Everything was quiet in the next room.

Presently he trembled. Noises came at irregular intervals to his ears. He would have run, but he remembered his resolution. He stood his ground and listened further. Then, struck with an idea, he slipped on his shoes, walked softly down the steps and came up again, making as much noise as he possibly could with his shoes. He would give the intruder the impression that men were coming up the steps.

In a few seconds he was in his room again. He walked heavily towards the door of his sister's room, and with a quick movement turned the key, locking the door. A feeling of triumph came over him. He had the man locked up. Any moment his parents would arrive and his father would fix him, he thought. Then it was that he realized how foolish he had been in yelling out of the window and in coming heavily up the steps. He began to wonder what he would have done if the man had come out. No one would

have been there to help him.

His thoughts were interrupted abruptly by the very knocks that he had heard the moment before, but this time they seemed to come from his mother's room, and fear with all its doubt grew upon him and scared him more than ever before. A good thing it was that the lights in his room were lit, he thought. A second later he was not so sure that it was a good thing. It would make him easily seen by anyone in the house and give him all the advantage.

In another moment the lights were out and Henry was shivering throughout the length of his form. It was impossible to think now. He was too frightened. Then suddenly, terror of terrors!

The noises were in his room. Right beside him! There was a steady knock, knock, knock. He felt his heart growing weaker and weaker, and himself growing faint. In another moment he thought he would drop to the floor.

But in another moment he was laughing, and laughing heartily. Never did he laugh that way before. He was close to the radiator. So that was it, was it? Well, a nice trick it had played on him, he thought. The hammering knocks had been nothing but sounds from the pipes running from the cellar, the knocks with which everyone is familiar. Henry, too, was familiar with them, but the very moment when he heard them first, he was so certain of his ability to get the better of his imagination, that it was getting the better of him while he was thinking about it.

He was a wiser boy. He unlocked his sister's door,

walked boldly into it and turned on the switch. Everything was as usual. He laughed again. He felt stronger than ever. He returned to his bed after having put out the light and was soon fast asleep.

DOUBT

It was Saturday. Always on that day Henry was exceedingly happy because he was free to play as he wished. Not that he didn't enjoy going to school. He did. But after five days of it one naturally feels like doing something different, and free from supervision. Usually Henry would play ball with his friends. Occasionally he would go to the moving pictures in the afternoon. Whatever it was, he always had a good time on Saturday.

On this particular Saturday both his mother and sister had gone shopping. Henry had been asked by his mother to see that the house was securely locked if he should leave, and Henry promised faithfully to do so. He was in very good spirits, because on that very morning the team, on which he played, was scheduled to meet one of the strongest teams of the city, and he was very anxious to participate in such a game.

After his mother had been gone for some time, he went to his room to look for his bat, and not finding it suddenly recalled that he had placed it in the cellar on the Saturday previous. He took a match from the pantry and went down the cellar to look for it. The electric globe in the cellar had burned out and had not yet been replaced. He struck the match upon reaching the foot of the steps and no sooner had he done so than it went out. Henry was a trifle disappointed, but returned up the steps realizing that he should have taken more than one match with him.

This time he took several, and finding the bat, he left the house and went to meet his companions.

Within a short time the happy crowd of youngsters was gayly marching towards the park where the eagerly awaited contest was to take place. They tossed their gloves and balls in the air and swung their bats merrily as they walked, for their spirits were high. What pleased them more than anything else was the fact that they were wearing their new baseball togs.

Presently Henry's good spirits gave way to doubt and then worry, doubt and worry over two things. He was not certain that he had securely locked the door of his house, and what was far worse, he was not certain that the match, that he had struck in the cellar, had gone completely out.

As he thought about it; it made him feel the worse. He tried to picture his movements in the cellar. He pictured the match from the moment he struck it until the time that he threw it away. He remembered everything except the act of throwing it away. The uncertainty as to what he did with it changed his worry to dismay. The next second he was reassured. He felt that he could have done nothing less than what he should have done, because he had never failed to do so before. But his confidence did not last. Doubt again came over him.

His playmates did not yet seem to notice his anxiety but walked joyfully. They were now about ten squares from Henry's house. He considered whether he should leave them and hasten back, thinking that he could catch up with them by taking the car. Before he could think further the clang, clang,

clang of fire engines came to his ears and his spirits drooped. He saw his home burning in flames. He listened, every nerve in his body tense, for the approaching engine. Presently the engines came in sight. Henry would have screamed but words seemed to fail him. Meantime all his friends had stopped on the first sound of the bells.

All watched the engines as they sped by, each boy thrilled by the galloping horses and the helmeted fire-fighters. That is everyone except Henry. He visioned his house devoured by flames, all his things destroyed, no place to sleep at night and his father and mother heartbroken, all on account of his carelessness. He turned pale.

Presently the fire engines turned off the street into a street at right angles to which they had been going and away from the direction that led to his house. Henry's spirits rose violently. He was overjoyed. It couldn't be his house that was burning. Yet the next clang of the fire-bells might mean just that. Perhaps his cellar was burning slowly and had not yet been discovered. Again he worried.

Then a thought came to him. He asked his playmates to wait a minute, and then rushed into the drug store, near which they had stopped to watch the engines. He rushed breathlessly into the telephone booth and telephoned his home. Impatiently he heard the familiar ring of the operator. Every second seemed an hour to him. Then suddenly there came a feeble voice over the wire:

"Hello"

It was his sister.

"Is that you, Mary?" he asked.

"Yes, Henry, what is it?" she asked.

"Mary, look down the cellar and see if everything is all right?"

"Hold the wire."

There was a pause. Henry waited eagerly for her voice and answer.

"Yes, everything's all right. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you when I get home. Good-by."

The overjoyed boy rushed from the booth and rejoined his playmates. Soon they reached the park. There they met the team about which they had heard so much and triumphed over them.

Henry never forgot those matches.

A TRICK OF MEMORY

If there was one thing that Henry enjoyed in school it was doing things for Mr. Colgan. He joyed when his teacher asked him to erase or wash the boards, and he fairly went into ecstasy when he was asked to go on an errand for him. He liked also to distribute and collect papers. For a long time, however, Mr. Colgan had failed to call on him for any of these tasks and Henry wondered whether his teacher had forgotten about him.

One day his luck changed. Mr. Colgan asked him if he would like to go on an errand for him. Henry was overjoyed. He responded that he would be only too glad to do so.

"Get your cap, Henry. It is to another school that I am going to send you."

Henry secured his cap while his classmates looked enviously at him. He advanced to his teacher's desk and awaited instructions. It was Mr. Colgan's custom when he sent boys on errands outside of the school to give them notes. This was because it made matters easier for the boy, and in many cases the errand was of such a nature as to be very easily forgotten if the instructions were given orally. But on this occasion he either forgot to give Henry a note or else thought the message could be very easily remembered.

"Henry, I'd like you to go to the Brandywine School for me. There you will find Mr. Marshall. He is on the second floor, room 10. That is easy to remember, isn't it?"

Henry replied that it was.

"Well, then, you will tell him that you have come for the mucilage that I spoke to him about, and he will give it to you."

"Yes, Mr. Colgan," replied the boy enthusiastically.

In another moment he was off to the Brandywine School.

He walked along briskly, thinking of, and repeating the word "mucilage" to himself. It was the one part of his instructions that he feared he might forget. He was halted abruptly by a familiar voice speaking to him. It was his aunt.

She greeted him, and after a few questions had been answered by Henry, they parted, and Henry continued on his journey.

Perhaps he repeated the word "mucilage" over one hundred times. He would make certain that he would not forget. In a short time he was at the steps of the Brandywine School. In another few moments he was on the second floor. He did not proceed at once to locate room 10, but stopped to repeat the word "mucilage." He knew it and knew it well.

Then he began to look for room 10. It was directly in front of him. He put his hand on the knob of the door and again thought of the word. The boy dropped his hand as though struck by thunder. It had slipped his memory. A peculiar feeling crept over him. He stopped and thought. He grew despondent. Try as he would he could not think of the word.

Suddenly the door beside him opened and a tall dark-haired man stepped out.

"Are you from the Henry School?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Henry nervously.

"All right, my boy, I'll get you the mucilage in a moment."

The clouds of discouragement and dismay that hovered over Henry vanished. His face beamed with smiles.

In a few moments he was on his way back to his own school with a package under his arm. He was whistling merrily.

BUDDING KNIGHTHOOD

Mr. Colgan told his class the story of Sir Walter Raleigh. He related how that worthy and noble young man was one day standing, waiting to see the beloved Queen Elizabeth and members of her court as they approached the royal barge which lay at the foot of a stairway leading to the river Thames. He told how Walter Raleigh, eager to catch a better glimpse of "Good Queen Bess," as the people were wont to call her, sought his way forward through the assembled throng as far as the soldiers of the queen would permit him.

He told how Raleigh stood admiring the oncoming queen, and how he noticed that just in front of the place where he was standing, there was a pool of mud, caused by the heavy rains of the evening before, and that this barrier stood in her line of approach. Hastily throwing his new and much admired red cloak from his shoulders and spreading it over the pool that she might pass untouched by the mud, he straightened himself, and somewhat abashed, fixed his eyes upon the lovely queen.

She hesitated for a moment, looked at the gallant youth, blushed slightly herself, and then passed in silence to the royal barge.

Later the queen inquired about the young man and summoned him to her court. For his act, Walter Raleigh received the honor of knighthood and was ever after a great favorite with the queen, and highly regarded by her.

When Mr. Colgan finished reading the story he felt

certain that every pupil in his class had been impressed by it, and would act gallantly toward ladies should the occasion arise.

For Henry the test came, and came that very day.

As he was walking in line in the school yard, James, who had been full of mischief that day, passed a remark to a boy in front of Henry. The words reached Henry's ears, and being very funny, made Henry smile.

Miss Biltmore, one of the teachers in charge, on hearing the noise, turned just as Henry was smiling, and thought that he was the culprit who made the noise.

She removed him from the line and told him to wait aside until she would have time to attend to him.

In a few minutes she turned her attention to him.

"You were talking," she said sternly. There was something in her attitude that frightened Henry although he didn't know what. He looked into her eyes, but when they met his he lowered his head slowly. Henry had never believed that a woman could be so commanding. He knew that he could not match the wits of such a person.

"No, Miss Biltmore, I wasn't talking." Henry spoke timidly.

For a moment the teacher said nothing, but stared at him as though she were studying him, but presently she spoke:

"You were laughing."

"Yes, Miss Biltmore," said Henry. Fear that the matter would come to the attention of Mr. Colgan now

overshadowed present events.

Miss Biltmore seemed to gather anger at his admission and her face grew sterner.

"You shall have no recess tomorrow, and you shall report to Mr. Colgan and tell him what you have done."

For the moment Henry was stunned. The teacher turned from him and walked towards the building. As she did so she unknowingly dropped her handkerchief. Henry saw it fall. His feeling at first was to be glad at her loss. Once inside the building she might not miss it for some time, Henry thought, and then, perhaps, it would be too late.

While he was happy in the thought that something had happened to her, the wish came to him that something worse should befall her that she might be further punished. Then, suddenly, the story of Sir Walter Raleigh came to his mind.

Henry thought for a moment, then rushed for the handkerchief. He ran hastily to the teacher, called her politely and placed the handkerchief in her hand, his arm trembling as he did so.

The teacher looked at him intently and then put one hand upon his shoulder.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Henry Merrill," he replied, his feelings somewhat relieved by her attitude.

"I am going to retract what I told you to do, Henry. I'm not going to tell you why. Please come to my room. I want to give you a note for your teacher."

Henry, cheered considerably, followed her to the class-room and waited while she smilingly wrote a few

words on a sheet of paper and sealed it in an envelope. She gave it to him.

"Henry, take this letter to Mr. Colgan, please."

Henry turned to go.

"And Henry?"

He halted his steps and again faced her.

"We are going to be friends, aren't we?" she said smilingly.

"Yes, Miss Biltmore," he replied, beginning to feel that she was indeed sincere. He resolved that never again would he give her cause for complaint.

He returned to his class-room and, of course, was somewhat late. The wide-open eyes of Mr. Colgan met him as he entered. Henry approached his teacher and handed him the note.

"Miss Biltmore told me to give this to you."

The teacher opened it with much interest and read it.

He turned his eyes from the letter to the boy, smiled pleasantly and said:

"All right, Henry, take your seat."

SAFETY FIRST

One day it was necessary that Henry visit the barber shop, because his locks had not been attended to when they should have been. As a result, his schoolmates were already mocking him and telling him that the "barbers were coming after him on horse-back." So when matters became unbearable, Henry betook himself to the barber shop. There his hair was cut.

Henry felt a peculiar feeling of satisfaction as the barber moved deftly with his scissors to put the finishing touches on the operation. Henry felt relieved. The scissors seemed to free a load from his mind and when he looked into the broad mirror before him he saw that his hair had been well cut. He had looked into that mirror very often while his hair was being cut and had noticed that the barber in the chair next to his was shaving a man. It was exceedingly interesting to Henry to watch the keen blade of the razor move over the man's face with its peculiar cutting sound and leave that part of the skin over which it had traveled, smooth and clean and clear of soap. Only when his own barber moved Henry's head did he turn his eyes from the man next to him.

What a dangerous operation it must be, thought Henry. Suppose the blade should miscarry? Suppose the man should suddenly cough? Suppose a sudden explosion of some kind, or other loud noise should occur in the street immediately outside? Henry shivered as he reflected. Then the thought came to him that in the not many years to come he, too, would be

sitting under such a razor, and one equally as sharp.

Soon, however, his thoughts were interrupted by his barber saying "Next," and he left the chair. Instantly he brought his hand to his head to feel his shortened hair and was satisfied. In another moment he was out of the barber shop and on his way home.

It so happened that Henry's father had that very day purchased a new safety razor. When Henry saw it, a natural desire to examine it came over him, and so, on the first occasion he went upstairs, made certain that his father was not at home, and secured the razor. It was the first time that he had had one in his hands. He examined it minutely. He removed the blade somehow, found that it was very sharp by cutting paper with it, and then replaced it.

The safety razor was like a toy to him and he felt as though he would like to play with it in some way. Then the thought came to him that he, too, in the days to come, would by a razor like that, rather than run the risk of being cut by the barber. He reflected how much less horrible this razor looked than the one that the barber used.

Presently he remembered that there was considerable growth of down upon his cheeks. He put his hand to them. The fine hairs seemed coarser than ever to him. Then came a desire to get the down off his face and to have a clear skin. It would be an easy task, he thought, with a safety razor, and he had one in his hand. Of course it was a safety razor. Didn't it say so on the very razor itself? And being a safety razor there could be no harm in using it.

He hesitated no longer. Quickly he took his father's brush and lathered his face freely, perhaps a little too freely, because the soap crept between his lips, into his nostrils and even into his eyes. Annoyed, he washed his face clear of all the soap and again lathered his face, this time being careful not to put on too much.

Everything was ready. He maneuvered for a moment with the razor so as to get it ready for action and then applied it to the skin of his face. He thrilled immensely as the sound of the cutting blade came to his ears. He felt that he was a man. He felt big and proud and overjoyed.

Presently a stinging pain came to his cheek. It lasted but a moment. Henry looked at his face, saw nothing, thought that it was nothing, and resumed. Soon there came another sharp pain, but it was of so short duration that Henry paid no attention to it, thinking that perhaps it was because of the fact that the operation was new to him. After a few more such sharp pains Henry's face was practically clear of soap and down. A peculiar feeling of satisfaction crept over him.

He proceeded to wash his face clear of all soap that had not been removed by the razor. This done, he leaned nearer to the mirror to more adequately admire his first shave. He halted abruptly and opened his eyes wide. His face was full of blood.

Fear, indescribable fear, came into his heart. For the moment he was stunned. Almost frantic, he applied water to his face to remove the blood. The

water washed it from his face. A second later fresh drops appeared in different parts of his face. Again he washed them away with water. Again they appeared. He applied peroxide. It did not seem to aid noticeably. He bathed his face with more and more water and gradually the blood ceased flowing. He was plainly relieved.

He looked at his face. It was cut in many places and, what was worse, easily noticeable. Henry thought of his father, then hastily dried the razor and looked disgustingly at it.

"So! That's a safety razor, is it?" he thought to himself.

Henry was more glad than ever that he was still a boy. He covered the cuts with powder as best he could and went downstairs. Soon his father came home and in a short time supper was served. Henry avoided direct glances at his father as much as possible. The latter seemed to detect nothing wrong. Henry went to bed early that evening, having added to his store of knowledge.

PENNY LUNCH

One morning Henry arose later than he usually did, with the result that he had to hasten with his breakfast considerably. Not much food passed between his lips and soon he was off to school. Perhaps he could have taken a chance on getting to school on time and endeavor to eat more breakfast, but he thought that he could very easily wait until recess-time when he would buy a few pretzels and cakes, and thus satisfy his hunger until noon.

He arrived at school just in the nick of time and was somewhat glad that he had, and that he was not late. In a short time he was busily engaged with his lessons, and under normal conditions would have had no time to think about other matters. Soon, however, an empty feeling stole into his stomach and he began to feel the first pangs of hunger. Then it was that he remembered that he had not eaten much in the morning.

With the thought that he had not had a sufficient breakfast, the empty feeling seemed to become keener and he felt very hungry. To make matters worse, someone sitting near him had deliciously smelling peanut brittle in his pocket and the odor of it came now to Henry's nostrils. It made the something that he felt in his stomach gnaw. He could not continue with his work.

Moreover, when he remembered that recess time was still a long way off it seemed to make matters worse. Mr. Colgan noticed that Henry had ceased paying proper attention to what he should be doing and he

reminded him of the fact. This spurred Henry and for a time he forgot his hunger. But only for a time. It returned with increased and invigorated fury.

In this manner Henry suffered the early part of the morning through; first a feeling of intense hunger and craving for food, then a lull, then the return of that gnawing feeling in his stomach and throat.

What a relief to him when at last recess-time came! Impatiently he hastened to form in line in the basement where the lunch was sold. It was a long line but Henry did not mind. He was hungry, and long waits and long lines do not stop the hungry. After a time he approached the counter. He reached his hand into his pocket for his money. It was not there. He reached his hand into his other pocket. Certainly, he remembered. He should have done that the first time, for he recollected having put it there the afternoon of the day before. But when he reached in, nothing touched his fingers. No money was there and big, tasty, mouth-watering pretzels were staring the starving boy in the face. For a moment he was confused.

He was quickly brought to his senses by the boys back of him telling him to get a move on. Henry could do nothing but leave the line and continue his search for the money, so that those in the rear of him could be waited on.

His hunger steadily increased and so did his perplexity. He searched all his pockets. He found nothing but an old collar-button. He searched again to make certain. Again he found nothing but the button. His dismay grew beyond reasonable bounds, spurred

on by pangs of his empty stomach.

He was about to resign himself to what had happened when his friend Harry strolled leisurely by, with three pretzels in his hand. He noticed that something was troubling Henry and asked him what it was. Henry told him. There followed a banking transaction and Harry dug his hand into his pocket for some coins.

In a few moments Henry was joyfully holding two pretzels in one hand and biting away with much enthusiasm on a third.

A STITCH IN TIME

For days the boys in Henry's class could be seen practising for the coming race. Mr. Colgan had offered a prize, a beautiful pencil-companion to the boy who would win the fifty-yard dash on the day when Henry's class was to hold its picnic in the park. They could be seen every afternoon on the vacant lot near Henry's home or at recess in the school yard timing themselves with a borrowed stop-watch. Great was the excitement on these occasions, and great was the rivalry between the boys of the class. Of course, it was friendly rivalry and all the onlookers enjoyed the events, especially when the races were exceedingly close.

Occasionally there would be much commotion and cheering, especially on the part of the girls of the class whenever this or that favorite of a particular group would be in the lead. Carrie was ever cheering for Henry and so were a few of her friends. The other boys, however, did not lack admirers. Henry, it seemed, did not get as much cheering as his friend, Harry. He seemed to notice this but at first paid no particular attention to it. One day, however, he overheard a group of his classmates discussing the merits of the runners and it peeved him considerably when someone passed the remark that Harry was a much better runner than he was.

Not that he was envious, but because he knew that he, himself, was a better runner, since he had often raced with Harry and had always beaten him. Soon, however, this remark ceased to worry him. He would

show them in the race, he thought, who was the better runner. That would convince everybody, he felt certain. He was not very confident that he would win the race, but he was certain that he would finish ahead of Harry.

To make certain that he would be in trim condition on the day of the race, Henry had taken the best of care of himself. Every evening he had retired very early, indeed. On no occasion had he over-eaten. He knew that a sick stomach meant a poor runner. He was also exceedingly careful, too, of what he put into his stomach. He practiced running on every occasion. He even ran to the stores when his mother sent him on errands.

The day before the race came. A group of Henry's classmates and himself were in the school yard at recess discussing the events of the morrow. Presently someone made the suggestion that Henry and Harry run a trial race in the school yard. It was welcomed by the other boys in the group as a good suggestion. They urged Henry and Harry to follow the suggestion. Both boys were exceedingly reluctant to show their skill in advance, especially to gratify the curiosity of those who were debating the merits of each of them. However, the pressure soon became too strong for them to refuse and they consented. That portion of the yard that was used for running was cleared.

Both boys lined up at the starting place, smiled pleasantly to each other and prepared for the starter's "Go!" Meantime a goodly portion of the school population had lined itself along the course of the race,

eager to see the two runners who were the subjects of so much discussion. Considerable debate went on among them about who was going to be the winner.

Presently the signal was given and the two boys were off, each with good starts. They ran. Their friends cheered. Now Henry surged ahead and his admirers went wild with joy. They threw their caps high into the air and rent it with their cries. Most of the cheering was against Harry, but this did not dishearten him. In fact, it seemed to spur him on. He made a mighty effort and surged forward. He was neck-to-neck with Henry. The boys and girls became strangely quiet. They rose on tiptoes and held their breaths. Such an event had not taken place in the school yard for a long, long time.

The two boys raced on with all might, each striving to outdo the other. Now Harry surged ahead and the crowd yelled their cheers, at least that portion of it that sympathized with him. It was but for the moment, however, for before they had time to realize it Henry had gone ahead. They were rapidly nearing the end of the course.

At this point Harry plunged forward with all speed and in another moment the two boys crossed the line exactly at the same time. A mighty cheer arose. Much discussion followed as to who had crossed earlier by those who were not near the end of the course, but it was soon stopped when Mr. Colgan, who had been watching the contest, said that it was his opinion that they had crossed at exactly the same time.

Everything was at once interrupted by the ringing

of the school bell. All, at once formed into their respective lines and soon were in their class-rooms, busily engaged in their work.

At noon, however, the sole topic of discussion was the race of the morning. Everyone was impatient for the morrow, especially the boys and girls in Henry's class, for they would all be at the race. Before going to bed that evening Henry took a good look at the sky. He was a bit worried for fear it might rain on the next day. He went to bed slightly uneasy, because the sky was somewhat cloudy. Once or twice during the night he had awakened with the belief that it was raining. He went to the window and peered into the darkness and then returned to sleep. So far, so good. It was not raining.

Morning came. Bright sunlight poured into his room and cheered him beyond expression. His mother made lunch for him, packed it neatly after having put lots of goodies into it, and soon Henry was off with his class to the picnic. It was a splendid day and everyone was in a jolly mood. Soon they reached the park.

Here they rested for a short time, chatting and laughing and discussing school and other affairs. The time for the races came. This was the event all had been waiting for. A course was plotted out and measured. It was a broad piece of meadow land, as smooth as one could desire for a race and evenly covered with recently cut grass. It was an ideal place for a race. Henry's heart beat more quickly as he advanced to the starting line. He looked at Harry and

Harry looked at him. They were friends, yet each felt in himself a desire to vanquish the other.

They prepared for the start. The other boys and girls who were not in the race became quiet. They watched eagerly as the boys bent and placed their hands on the ground for the starting words. They came like a flash from the lips of Mr. Colgan and the boys were off. There were fifteen in all. For a moment no one could tell which was which, the runners being so close to each other. Soon, however, they began to separate, the poorer runners lagging behind and the better runners surging ahead of them.

In a short time it was a neck-to-neck race between Henry and Harry. They were far in the lead. It seemed that what happened yesterday was being repeated again. But only for a moment. Henry went like the wind and was now about four paces ahead of Harry. Everyone on the sidelines rushed towards the end of the course to see the finish. Not a sound came from their lips, so tense was the excitement.

Then it was that something happened. Henry's lead had increased to about six paces when, without warning, the garter that was holding up one of his stockings broke. Henry stopped for a second as if stunned. When he realized what had happened he brought one hand to his stocking to hold it up and continued to run. But he ran awkwardly and, of course, less speedily than he did before and Harry gained. At this point Henry unfortunately looked back and lost more time.

It was not long before Harry had reached him. Henry was disheartened. Soon Harry passed him. A second later he passed the line a winner. Shouts rose in the air and all thronged around him. Henry, blushing considerably, retreated to a nearby tree and sat down. In his hand he held the broken garter. His spirits were drooped and he wished to be alone. He also wished that he had a needle and a thread. Unfortunately, he was soon surrounded by a group of his companions and sympathizers. They were very sorry that the accident had happened to him.

Presently Harry came over to where he was sitting. He looked at his friend and then spoke to him:

“Henry, as soon as you have your garter fixed we will race again. I don’t want a victory like that. I want to win fairly and not accidentally. I’m going to ask Mr. Colgan to let us run again.”

They all liked what Harry had said and their opinions of him rose considerably. He walked over to Mr. Colgan and spoke to him. Mr. Colgan gave his consent, smiled pleasantly at him and told the boys and girls to get ready for the race. Someone had a wide rubber band which he gave to Henry to be used for a garter. It was very good and Henry felt comfortable once again.

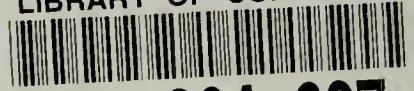
This time only Henry and Harry were to run, because one of them would have won if the accident had not happened, since the other boys were far in the rear.

The race started. Great was the excitement when Henry got off to a good start and was going fast

about two paces ahead of Harry. Soon, however, Harry came forward, Henry slowing down somewhat. Harry's lead increased. Soon he crossed the line. He was five paces ahead of Henry. Cheers arose for both boys. Everyone liked the spirit of both of them and they all had enjoyed the races. They were a trifle sorry for Henry for they felt that he would have won the first race if his garter had not broken.

What they did not know was that Henry had wanted his rival to win the second race because he could not forget what fine sportsmanship Harry had shown in asking to have the race run again. Henry was sorry about the garter, but he was glad that he had found something worth while in his friend.

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